LE BEAU MONDE,

OR,

LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE

MAGAZINE,

FOR MAY, 1807.

NON PRÆTER SOLITUM LEVES.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. Portrait of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex.
2. Two Beautifully coloured Costumes for Ladies.
3. A Beautifully coloured Full Dress for Gentlemen.

CONTENTS.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex....357

HISTORY.

Of the Hindu Nation *(continued)*.....358

STATE OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS.

Russia.....361

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Hypothesis of Wieland, on the Art of Poetry of Horace *(continued)*.....369
A Letter from a Perturbed Spirit.....365
On the Catholic Question.....368
Fitzwalter, or the Sophistry of the Passions *(continued)*.....372
Animalliana; or, Anecdotes and Observations respecting various Species of Animals.....374
A Letter from Loch-Goil Head.....377
Secret Correspondence.....*ibid.*
Anecdote of Mr. Fox.....378
The Death Watch.....*ibid.*

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

A Treatise on Indigence, by P. Colquhoun, Esq. L. L. D. *(concluded)*.....379
All the Talents! A Satirical Poem, in three Dialogues.....380
Elijah's Mantle, A Poem.....382
Admission of Papists to hold certain Commissions in the Army, &c.....383
The Stranger in America.....384

ORIGINAL POETRY.

To Lady C. J. from her Monkey, by Lord Erskine.....385
Sonnet.....386
A Madame la Duchesse de C.....387
Verses to a Lady.....*ibid.*
Address to a Sigh.....387
The Violet and the Zephyr.....388

FINE ARTS.

On Mr. Bullock's Model for a Monument to the Memory of Lord Nelson.....388

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR APRIL.

Drury-Lane Theatre.....390
Covent-Garden Theatre.....394

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL, 1807.

Foreign Transactions.....396
Domestic Politics.....398
Parliamentary Intelligence.....399

MONTHLY MISCELLANIES,

Domestic and Foreign.....402
Births, Marriages, and Deaths.....*Ibid.*

LE BEAU MONDE.

Description of Fashions for May.....406
General Observations on Ladies Dresses.....*ibid.*
General Observations on Gentlemen's Dresses 407
Anecdotes of Fashion.....*ibid.*

SPORTING VARIETIES.

On the Origin of Horse-Racing, &c.....408

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TO THE PUBLIC, OUR READERS, AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Proprietors of this Magazine flatter themselves that their Subscribers and the Public will not fail to acknowledge, that no expence or exertions have been spared to render this Work in every respect worthy of the extensive Patronage with which it is honoured. The present Number of LE BEAU MONDE *is printed on a new and elegant type, cast expressly for this Work, by Messrs. FRY and STEBBS, and at a very considerable expence. The Proprietors, therefore, are enabled confidentially to pledge themselves to their Subscribers and the Public, that* LE BEAU MONDE, *or* LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE, *in point of Literature, elegance of Typography, and splendour of Embellishments, will far surpass every other periodical publication of a similar description. Being now favoured with the correspondence of several literary characters of the first eminence, this Work must necessarily increase monthly in literary value, and when bound into volumes will furnish of itself an* ELEGANT LIBRARY.

A SUPPLEMENT on a striking and novel plan, superior to any that have hitherto appeared, is in preparation. In it will be combined the most refined literature, both English and Foreign, and the magnificence of its embellishments will be unrivalled.

Many applications having been made to the Proprietors of this Magazine for Proof Impressions of the Portraits that form a part of this costly Work, the Proprietors beg leave to inform the Nobility, Gentry, the Public, and the Amateurs of the Fine Arts, that any of the Proof Impressions, on India Paper, of the Portraits may be had at the Office, in Setts at 7s. each, or separately at 10s. 6d. each.

We have been favoured with a long letter from a Correspondent who signs himself "Pro Patria," containing strictures on the paper by Horatius, which appeared in our last Number. If this Communication had come to us in a shape proper to meet the public eye, we should very readily have inserted it, for we can with perfect sincerity assure our Correspondent that the pages of this Magazine are open to all parties. If at a future period this ingenious and sensible writer should think proper to animadvert on any of the Essays which appear in this work, we shall endeavour to convince him of our impartiality by giving his Communication a ready insertion.

H. Jun. "A Constant Reader," blames us for introducing *Ladies Fashions* into *Le Beau Monde*. We beg leave to inform him that that innovation was not made without due consideration, and in compliance with the wishes of a great many Subscribers of the first rank and fashion. It has since been highly approved in quarters the most distinguished for elegance and refinement of taste, and, from the arrangements we have made, we doubt will continue to merit the approbation of the Fashionable World. It is our aim to make this Magazine, not only a suitable Monthly Companion for the Library Table of the Man of Fashion and Letters, but proper also to be admitted into the *Boudoirs* of the most elegant Females.

If the Gentleman who favoured us with the Communication from Loch Goil Head will send us the notes of his Tour, we will be happy to avail ourselves of them.

The letter signed a "Young Equestrian" has been received. We are very much disposed to oblige the Gentlemen of the Turf, and for this purpose we propose selecting, from time to time, curious notices and anecdotes of Field Sports; but our Correspondent must excuse us if we decline his hint.

Verses and a Sentimental Tale by the Author of the "Impious Wish" are under consideration.

The hint signed "Abredonensis" shall be attended to for the future.

We are sorry we cannot insert the verses on the Fall of Ranelagh.

We have received several Poetical and other favours, which are underconsideration.

18
50
MAY

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS the DUKE of SUSSEX.

Engraved for Le Beau Monde or Literary and Fashionable Magazine
by special permission of Her Royal Highness the Princess Elizabeth
from an Enamel by R.D. Bone Esq.ᵉ A.R.A after a Picture by Sir Wm. Beechey.
Published by J.B. Bell & Co.ˢ No.ᵒ Catherine St. Strand May 1.ˢᵗ 1807.

THE

LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR MAY, 1807.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.

The Seventh Number.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF SUSSEX.

WE live in an age when the characters and conduct of the most eminent persons in the state may be freely canvassed, without any fear of censure or punishment, provided the writer who chuses to take illustrious personages for his subjects, confines his remarks within the bounds of decency and decorum. In the age of Elizabeth, it was not so: That great Queen, so justly dear to her people for her many princely virtues, thought herself too high for common wits to meddle with, and when a poor book wight, through the medium of the press, offered his congratulations to her, somewhat prematurely it must be confessed, on her projected affiance with the Duke of Alençon, the Queen, far from rewarding him, had him brought before the Star-Chamber, where, if our recollection serves us right, he was sentenced to lose his ears for his presumption. Such was the treatment of authors in the days of that renowned Princess; nor do we find their condition to have been much bettered under her successor James I. who, though an author himself, had the highest notions of the regal dignity, and rigorously kept the press under the discipline of a severe imprimatur. The civil war laid open this great bulwark of the national freedom; and the encroachments which were made upon it by Charles II. and James II. after the restoration, served materially to hasten the revolution. Since that auspicious era the freedom of the pr.. has formed an essential part of the life's blood (if we may so express ourselves) of the constitution of England; its superintendence has extended to the highest persons in the state, and the actions of the monarch are no more exempt from its animadversions than those of the meanest individual in his dominions. There are not wanting instances to prove that the freedom of the press extends even farther than this. The monarch constitutes but one branch of the state; we must necessarily view with more reverence and awe those acts which have the sanction of all the three branches of the legislative power, than any measures which particularly belong to any individual member of it. Yet acts of parliament, that is, the supreme will of the nation, declared by its highest power, are no more free from the animadversions of writers than the acts

of individual members of it. This is a state of things admirably calculated for the free discussion of all moral and political questions; and it will probably remain the envied privilege of the literati of these kingdoms, as long as their liberties exist, or at least as long as they confine their speculations within the bounds of respect and decorum.

It is under these impressions that we proceed to give a sketch of the life of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex. This Prince is the sixth son of their present Majesties, and was born on the 27th of January, 1773. Like the other junior branches of the Royal Family, he did not receive the concluding part of his education in England, but was sent to the continent for that purpose. On attaining the age of majority, his Royal Highness travelled over a great part of Germany and the South of Europe, and resided in Italy for a considerable length of time, on account of the ill state of his health, which, we are sorry to add, has been by no means re-established by the air of his native climate.

During his residence in Italy, his Royal Highness became attached to Lady Augusta Murray, the daughter of the Earl of Dunmore, whom he met at Rome, and married some time in the year 1793. This marriage, however, being contrary to the provisions of the act of Parliament for regulating the marriages of the Royal Family, was declared null and void by the King in council, and his Royal Highness has acquiesced in the decision of his Royal Parent. To soften the disappointment of Lady Augusta, his Royal Highness on receiving, with his other illustrious brothers, the sum of £. 20,000, out of the droits of the Admiralty, accruing from the Spanish plate ships captured previous to a declaration of hostilities against that power, generously transmitted the whole sum to Lady Augusta, though we have reason to believe extremely embarrassed himself at the time, to discharge the debts she had contracted previous to the dissolution of their marriage.

His Royal Highness, having passed near twenty years on the continent, is not so well known to the public, as many excellent traits of character belonging to him deserve that he should be. To the poor, among his own countrymen, no one is a more liberal and generous benefactor, while the unhappy foreigner who is plunged in distress, often finds his last and best resource in the overflowing bounty of this Prince.

Few gentlemen are better acquainted with modern languages than his Royal Highness. Having travelled much, and lived long abroad, he speaks most of the polite dialects of the present day with grammatical accuracy; and is also a distinguished judge of music, as well as an admirable amateur performer. Though his Royal Highness holds no commission in the regular army, he has made the military art his peculiar study, and has acquired a complete knowledge of it in all its details. His Royal Highness is Colonel of the Loyal North Briton Volunteers, in which capacity we are happy to add, his Royal Highness has endeared himself by his condescension and affability to all the members of that respectable corps.

HISTORY.

OF THE HINDU NATION.

(*Continued from page* 310.)

A VERY strong proof of the early advancement of the Hindu nation in science, may be adduced from their immemorial knowledge of the use of gunpower. This powerful agent of destruction was not known in Europe till the beginning of the fourteenth century*; but the

* It is generally believed that cannon were used for the first time, A. D. 1346, by Edw. III. at the battle of Cressy, and materially contributed to the success of that splendid victory.

Hindus have been acquainted with it from the most remote antiquity. They ascribe the invention of it to *Vishvacarman*, a deity who answers to the Vulcan of the Greek mythology, who forged arms for the Gods, and invented the *agni astra*, or *fiery shaft*, in a war between them and the *Devatas*. Cannon in the Sanscrit idiom is called *Shet Agnee*, or the weapon that kills an hundred men at once *. The *agni astra*, or *fiery shaft*, was probably no other than the fire-rocket, which is yet used among the modern Hindus in their wars. This weapon consists of a tube of iron about eight inches long, and an inch and a half in diameter, closed at one end. It is filled with gunpowder in the same manner as a common sky-rocket, and fastened towards the end of a piece of bamboo, pointed with iron. The man who uses it, points the armed head at the object he wishes to destroy, and, setting fire to the match, it goes off with great velocity. By the irregularity of its motion it is difficult to be avoided, and sometimes acts with considerable effect, especially among cavalry. These, probably, are the same weapons which terrified the soldiers of Alexander, and which they compared to the thunder and lightning of the Gods. But that the ancient Hindus used cannon in their wars, after the manner of modern artillery, as some writers have supposed, must, we suspect, be altogether rejected as a fiction. The soil of India, it is well known, abounds in materials proper for making gun-powder, and, therefore, it is by no means surprising that the method of compounding them was early discovered by the natives; but there is great reason to believe, that the Hindus confined their application of this potent and destructive agent chiefly to the fabrication of fire-works and illuminations, in which they excel at the present day; and that the terrible effects ascribed to their engines of war, in their *Puranas* and other writings, have, in reality, little or no existence, but in the fertile imaginations and prolific fancies of their poets.

But, in all ages, the Hindus have been more renowned for the arts of peace than for the toils of war: hence, while their pusillanimity has rendered them an easy prey to each succeeding invader, they have made distant nations tributary to them by their industry, repairing, through the tranquil medium of commerce, the ravages of war, and the devastations of conquerors.

From the most remote antiquity the labours and ingenuity of the Indian loom and needle have been justly celebrated. Their linens for the fineness and delicacy of their texture, and their silks and embroideries for the beauty, permanence, and brilliancy of their colours, stand unrivalled among the manufactures of any other people. However unfavourable to the progress of mental attainments the unalterable division of the Hindu nation into separate casts and professions may have been, it has unquestionably been attended with the happiest consequences to some of their manufactures, those of the loom in particular. The patient Hindu, from his entrance into life, knows the station allotted to him, and the occupations to which he is destined from his birth. The objects to which the labour and industry of his future years must be devoted, are familiar to him, and occupy his thoughts, or employ his hands, from the first dawn of reason; so that from his earliest years he is trained by habit to do that with ease and pleasure, which he must continue through life to perform. To this, in a great measure, may be attributed the high degree of perfection and beauty, for which many of the Indian manufactures are so remarkable, and which European artists, with all their superiority of machinery and science, have never been able to equal. The configuration too of the Hindu is admirably adapted to the delicate labours of the loom. Of a slender form and temperate habit, his pliant and dextrous fingers can spin and weave, with facility, threads of such exquisite fineness, that when separate they are liable to be broken even by a gentle current of air, and when woven together into a web, many folds of it may be concealed in the hollow of the hands *. Nor are these to be considered only as the rare and precious efforts of a few workmen of uncommon merit and skill, but as ordinary specimens of the excellence of the Indian loom, such as it has been through an immense series of ages, such as it is at present, and such as, in all human probability, it will continue to be, until the present venerable system of the religion, laws, and manners of Hindustan shall be totally subverted.

Devotion or curiosity, at an early period of the world, seems to have attracted the attention of the sages of the East to the science of astronomy. A knowledge of the motions of the heavenly bodies was necessary to regulate

* Works of Sir W. Jones, Vol. I. p. 260. Halhed's Code of Gentoo Laws, Preface, l. xi.

* Crawfurd's Sketches of the Hindus, p. 328. Bartolopeu's Voyage, p. 397 et seq.

the periodical return of their numerous fasts and festivals, and superstition readily converted a sublime science into an engine of fraud to prey upon human credulity and folly. The planets were soon believed to be under the regency of beneficent or malevolent genii; and hence the science of astronomy degenerated into the craft of astrology, and before any business of importance was undertaken, the aspect of the heavens was to be consulted to learn if the stars promised success. Other nations more enlightened than the Hindus have cherished the same delusion, nor would it be generous to suppose that the astronomers of Benares watched the motions of the heavenly bodies, for no other purpose than to prognosticate the events of the future. With the many, probably, superstition was predominate, and the dreams of astrologers might be mistaken for the oracles of truth; but the minds of a few must have been enlightened by the love of genuine science to its cultivation on rational and and approved principles.

The Hindus divide a great circle, as we do, into three hundred and sixty degrees, called by them *ansas*, or portions, of which, like us, they allot thirty to each of the twelve signs of the zodiac; and these are described by symbols nearly similar to those which the moderns derive from the Greek astronomers, and which we may not unreasonably conjecture they received from the sages of India. The ram, bull, crab, lion, and scorpion, have the figures of those animals respectively: the pair are a damsel playing on a *vina*, and a youth wielding a mace: the virgin stands in a boat on water, holding in one hand a lamp, and in the other an ear of rice corn: the balance is held by a weigher with a weight in one hand; the bow by an archer whose hinder parts are like those of a horse: the sea monster has the face of an antelope: the ewer is a water-pot borne on the shoulders of a man who empties it: the fish are two, with their heads turned to each other's tails; and all these are supposed to be in such places as suit their several natures *.

From a venerable Hindu mathematician, whom Sir William Jones consulted respecting the astronomy of his nation, he learnt the following particulars, which may serve to correct some of the mistakes into which preceding writers have fallen, and operate as a caution to those who may hereafter have occasion to engage in similar enquiries, not to adopt the extravagant legends of poets as the generally received and well established philosophical systems of the learned natives of India *. "The *Puranics*," said the old gymnosophist to his illustrious pupil, "will tell you, that our earth is a plane figure, studded with eight mountains, and surrounded by seven seas of milk, nectar, and other fluids; that the part which we inhabit is one of seven islands, to which eleven smaller isles are subordinate; that a God riding on a huge elephant guards each of the eight regions; and that a mountain of gold rises and gleams in the centre; but we believe the earth to be shaped like a cadamba fruit, or spheroidal, and admit only four oceans of salt water, all of which we name from the four cardinal points, and in which are many great peninsulas with innumerable islands: They will tell you, that a dragon's head swallows the moon, and thus causes an eclipse; but we know, that the supposed head and tail of the dragon mean only the nodes or points formed by the intersections of the ecliptic and the moon's orbit. In short, they have imagined a system, which exists only in their own fancy; but we consider nothing as true without such evidence as cannot be questioned †." De la Caille, or De la Lande, could not have reasoned with more solidity.

The *Surya Siddhanta* is esteemed by the Hindus to be the most ancient and valuable astronomical treatise which they possess, having been received, according to their account, through Divine revelation, upwards of two million years ago. Against this preposterous antiquity it is unnecessary to bring forward any serious arguments. A recent investigator of Eastern literature ‡, who has closely examined the work, is unwilling to allow it an antiquity of more than seven hundred years, and, through the medium of the *Surya Siddhanta*, indirectly attacks the generally received opinion of the profound antiquity of the Hindu nation, and of the early and extraordinary acquirements of their Brahmens in science. Without entering

* Works of Sir W. Jones, "On the Antiquity of the Indian Zodiac." Vol. I. p. 336.—See also the Ayeen Akberry, Vol. II. p. 300.

* The Lettres Edifiantes & Curieuses abound with mistakes of this sort, and sometimes they are to be found in such writers of credit as Holwell and Orme.

† Sir W. Jones, "On the Antiquity of the Indian Zodiac," Vol. I. p. 334.

‡ Mr. Bentley, "On the Antiquity of the Surya Siddhanta, and the formation of the Astronomical Cycles therein contained." Asiatic Researches, Vol. VI. p. 540. Edit. 8vo.

into any controversy respecting the age of the *Surya Siddhanta*, it must be admitted by every one, on a very slight inspection of Mr. Bentley's dissertation, that the people, among whom it was composed, must have acquired a very considerable degree of astronomical proficiency (as the motions and positions of the planets had been ascertained with nearly European accuracy, and the true length of the solar year determined, which could only have been the result of observations carefully repeated at distant intervals of time) previous to the execution of such a performance.

(To be continued.)

STATE OF SOCIETY, MANNERS, &c.

RUSSIA.

AT the present crisis of the civilized world, no nation claims so large a share of the attention of the British people as the Russian empire. Connected with us in bonds of the strictest alliance, fighting with us for one common object, it is impossible for us to view this people so respectable in themselves, and so worthy of our esteem and admiration, on account of the excellent prince at the head of their state, without strong feelings of attachment and regard.

The Russian empire, comprehending its European and Asiatic possessions, is the largest in extent in the world, but lying chiefly in high northern latitudes, its population bears but a scanty proportion to its extent, and only a small proportion of its inhabitants are in a state of civilization. Composed too of a number of subject or tributary nations, each of whom would demand a separate account, it is not easy to give a general view of the state of society and manners in this great empire; we shall, therefore, in the present sketch, confine ourselves chiefly to those peculiar and discriminating features of the Russian people, which are to be found principally in the capital or its vicinity, or, at least, in those parts of the empire which are within the boundaries of Europe.

The Russians, in general, are a hardy, vigorous, and active race, at all times patient of labour and fatigue, but in war to an incredible degree; hence, in a climate like Poland, which is somewhat similar to their own, they may almost be said to possess a physical superiority over the troops of all other nations; and unquestionably, if the great stakes which are now fighting for on that theatre of war, were to be decided in favour of that party who was endowed with the strongest bodily stamina, the Russians would not fail to come off victorious.

The complexion of the European Russians differs little from that of the people of this country, but the women in general use a sort of rouge to heighten their beauty, which however seldom fails to prove injurious to it. Their eyesight seems to be defective, occasioned probably by the snow, which for a great part of the year is continually on the ground.

The Russian peasantry are a robust and hardy race, and possessed of great bodily strength. Their dress consists of a round hat or cap, a coarse robe of dragget, or, in winter, of sheepskin, with the wool turning inwards, reaching to the knee, and bound round the waist by a sash, trowsers of linen almost as thick as sackcloth, a woollen or flannel cloth wrapped round the legs instead of stockings, sandals woven from the stripes of a pliant bark, and fastened by strings of the same materials, which are twined round the leg, and serve as garters to the wrappers. In warm weather the peasants frequently wear only a short coarse shirt and trowsers.

Among the higher orders of society the dress of the men consists of a pelisse, or large fur cloak, fur boots or shoes, a black velvet or fur bonnet, which is made large enough to cover their ears, and prevent the frost from nipping them. The women are not so well protected by their dress from the inclemency of the climate; but their sedentary or domestic occupations render this advantage not so necessary. They wear a long habit, adjusted to the shape and covering of the whole body. The toilet of a woman, in only moderate circumstances, is composed of an extraordinary number of articles, gold chains, earrings, strings of pearls, bracelets, rings, &c. On going out they generally throw a large silk handkerchief over their coif, which hangs over the shoulders and down the back.

No people are fonder of social amusements than the natives of Russia. Name-days and

birth-days, in particular, are solemnized in Russian families with grand entertainments or balls, at which the friends and acquaintance of the party customarily assemble without any formal invitation. The birth of a child, the appointment to an office, the purchase of a house, in short, every fortunate occurrence, furnishes an occasion for a domestic festival. At these times the utmost harmony and good humour prevail, the master of the company labouring assiduously to render his entertainment acceptable to his guests.

The amusements of the higher classes of the community are nearly the same as in all the great capitals of Europe, and if we wish to look for the national character of any people, we must not go to the court in search of it, but descend to the walks of common life, and take a view of the popular diversions of the common people. The Russians in general are of a cheerful and lively disposition; and the labouring classes mitigate the severity of their toil by singing from morning to night. Their tunes are simple but melodious, and the charm of their ballads is increased by their subjects being taken almost invariably from their national history.

When the Russian populace are disposed to be merry in company, the dance cannot be omitted. No popular dance can be more expressive than the national dance called the *Dove dance*. It is generally performed only by one couple, who stand facing each other, seemingly making love to each other; and with expressive pantomimical gestures, by turns, sue, reject, importune, disdain, and comply. As this dance is throughout a natural, strongly impressive pantomime, art can add little or nothing to its improvement. The music to which it is danced is extremely simple; often no instrument at all is used, but the bye-standers sing in chorus some popular ballad to the tune. In the public houses, called *Kabacks*, the populace assemble at idle hours, in merry companies, to sing and carouse, and practise this dance.

The games in practice with the common people, for recreation and amusement, are all extremely simple, requiring only exertion and agility. In all the streets, especially in winter, nothing is more frequent than to see men or boys wrestling or boxing. This is merely a diversion, being very rarely the effect of anger or quarrels, but usually engaged in from a good humoured challenge, perhaps in the winter for the purpose of warming themselves. Nor is the game of foot-ball less general, particularly among the drivers of sledges and *drajeskas*, plying at their stands for a fare. A large ball stuffed with feathers is kicked about, and he who succeeds in catching it, in spite of the kicks and cuffs of his companions, carries off the prize. Chess and drafts are likewise very common with the Russian populace, and some of them exhibit great skill in those games.

In the winter, the ice hills, which are exceedingly common, afford a perpetual fund of amusement to the Russian populace during that carnival season. Every ice hill is constructed in the following manner: a scaffolding is raised upon a frozen river, about thirty feet high, with a landing place at top, the ascent to which is by a ladder. From the summit a sloping plain of boards, about four yards broad, and thirty long, descends to the superficies of the river. Upon these boards are laid square masses of ice, about four inches thick, which being first smoothed with the axe, and laid close to each other, are then sprinkled with water, by which means they adhere to the board and to one another, and form an inclined plain of pure ice. From the bottom of this plain the snow is cleared away for the length of two hundred yards, and the breadth of four, upon the level bed of the river, and the sides of this course, as well as the sides and top of the scaffolding, are ornamented with firs and pines. Each person being provided with a sledge, somewhat like a butcher's tray, mounts the ladder, and, having attained the summit, he seats himself on his sledge at the upper extremity of the inclined plain, down which he suffers it to glide with considerable velocity; and the velocity acquired in the descent carries it to more than one hundred yards upon the level ice of the river. At the end of the course there is usually another ice hill, similar to the former, so that the person immediately mounts again, and in the same manner glides down another plain of ice. The great difficulty consists in steering and poising the sledge as it is hurried down the inclined plain.

In the royal gardens of Oranienbaum, a few miles from St. Petersburg, is a very extraordinary building, denominated the flying mountain: it is made of wood, supported upon brick walls, representing a mountain composed of three principal ascents, gradually diminishing in height, with an intermediate space to resemble vallies: from top to bottom is a floored way, in which three parallel grooves are formed. It is thus used: a small carriage, containing one person, being placed in the centre groove upon the highest point, goes with great rapidity down one hill; the velocity which it acquires in its descent carries it up a second,

and so on until it arrives at the bottom of the area, when it is placed in one of the grooves, and drawn up by means of a rope fastened to a windlass.

The annual market on the Neva, has attracted the particular notice of all travellers who have passed the winter at St. Petersburg. At the conclusion of the long fast of the Greek church, which terminates on the 4th of January, the inhabitants of that city lay in their provisions for the remainder of the winter. For this purpose an annual market, which lasts three days, is held upon the river near the fortress. A street, more than a mile in length, is lined on each side with an immense store of provisions, sufficient for the supply of the capital during the three following months. Many thousand raw carcasses of oxen, sheep, hogs, pigs, and poultry of all kinds, with every description of frozen food, are exposed to sale. The larger quadrupeds are grouped in various circles upright, their hind legs fixed in the snow, with their heads and fore legs turned towards each other. These occupy the hindermost row: next to them succeed a regular series of animals, descending gradually to the smallest, intermixed with poultry and game hanging in festoons, and garnished with heaps of fish, butter, and eggs.

The most distant quarters contribute to supply this vast store of provisions; and the finest veal is sent by land carriage as far as from Archangel, which is eight hundred and thirty miles from Petersburg; yet every species of food, when Mr. Coxe was in Russia, was exceedingly cheap; butcher's meat of every kind from a penny to three halfpence per pound, geese at ten-pence, large pigs at a shilling, and other articles in proportion. In order to render frozen food fit for dressing, it must be first thawed in cold water.

Among the lower orders in Russia the nuptial ceremonies are peculiar to themselves, and probably are derived from customs which prevailed among them previous to their conversion to Christianity. When the parents are agreed upon a match, though the parties have never seen each other, the bride is examined by a number of females, to ascertain that she has no constitutional defects. On the wedding-day she is crowned with a garland of wormwood, and after the priest has tied the nuptial knot, his clerk or sexton throws a handful of hops upon the head of the bride, wishing that she may prove as fruitful as that plant. Then she is led home with abundance of coarse ceremonies. The barbarous treatment of wives by their husbands, which formerly extended to the right of putting them to death, is now either guarded against by the laws of the country, or by particular stipulations in the marriage contract. The Russians entertain many superstitious opinions with regard to the state of the dead. After the corpse is dressed, a priest is hired to pray for the soul of the deceased, and to purify the body with incense, and to sprinkle it with holy water as long as it remains above ground. When the body is carried to the grave, which is done with many gesticulations of sorrow, the priest produces a ticket, signed by the bishop and another clergyman, as the deceased's passport to heaven. This being put into the coffin, between the fingers of the corpse, the company return to the deceased's house, where they drown their sorrow in intoxication, which lasts, with few intervals, forty days. During that time, a priest every day says prayers over the grave of the deceased; for though the Russians do not believe in purgatory, yet they imagine that their departed friend may be assisted by prayer, in his long journey to the place of his destination after this life.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

HYPOTHESIS OF WEILAND ON THE ART OF POETRY OF HORACE.

(Continued from page 314.)

BY this hypothesis, in effect, all difficulties are readily solved. Why, demand some, are not the rules laid down in this work more perfect? Because, we answer, Horace never intended to write a complete art of poetry — Why was not his plan regulated with more method?—Because he only composed a letter, and his whole plan consisted in an anxiety not to lose sight of its principle object.—Why do the greater part of his precepts run upon faults to

be avoided?—Because the young Piso stood particularly in need of precepts of that kind.—Why are the inlets to, or the mysteries of, the art of poetry, so hid that they are inaccessible but to adepts, and even to the present day the prophane know nothing of them? Because Horace wished for nothing less than to make the younger Piso a poet.

But why all those sarcasms against the wretched versifiers of his time? Why insist so strongly on the perfidious attractions of the muses, and the danger of the illusion under which a poet labours when he makes an estimate of the value of his own verses? Why those rigorous conditions which he would impose on the young Piso, and which every debutant, without genius, would find insupportable? Why the insulting contempt which he hurls, without pity, at those mad poets, as he constantly calls them? Why, in short, do these matters comprise more than half of his discourse?—Because he had not written the whole discourse with any other intention.

I have given my opinion on the aim of this epistle the name of hypothesis, and thereby I have left the right to every one of considering it only on that ground. But I think, that if any one will give himself the trouble to follow the irregular march of our poet, from the commencement to the conclusion of this piece, they will find my hypothesis a truth, and be persuaded that Horace, from the beginning to the conclusion of his work, had no other end in view than that which I have stated. It may, however, be more agreeable to the reader to be aided in his inquiries by a man who has followed the footsteps of Horace for so long a time.

In a work, the aim of which does not appear conformable to the title, the best way to take it, is as if it had none. Horace then commences this epistle without any preparation, but with a Socratic turn extremely likely to awaken the attention of the younger Piso. He exposes, in all its absurdity, the essential fault, which in a bad poem will be more prominent than in any other work of art, and which bad poets are incapable of curing. *They do not know how to compose a whole:* they commence with one image, and finish with another; instead of pourtraying a beautiful female figure, or an assemblage of accordant objects, which mutually blend and harmonize together, their works are composed of ill-assorted pieces, which cannot be made to unite.

The objection which follows, that every thing is allowed to poets and painters, could only proceed from a novice like the young Piso. He answers to it by an image, which renders obvious the truth of his rule; but the application of the rule depending on nicety of discernment, and delicacy of poetical tact, it could be of little use to his young friend.

Horace continues (v. 14.) to unfold, with gentle raillery, the most common faults of authors against the rule of unity. Young people are usually too profuse of their brilliant description, and pictures of nature. It very little concerns them that a description is not in its right place, that they stop the reader improperly, and divert his attention from the subject on which it ought to be fixed. Hence they produce works where every thing is incoherent like the dreams of a sick man.

There is another absurdity into which almost all young poets fall, unless assisted by that cautionary genius which always guides true talents, and, like the familiar of Socrates, constantly warns them of what they ought to avoid. In flying from one fault, they hasten to commit the contrary (v. 24. *et seq.*) Not to be formal, they become negligent; for fear of seeming to creep, they lose themselves in the clouds; they rant to be sublime, and are absurd for the sake of novelty. Some of them perceive that certain images or certain traits are striking, and they believe that to increase the effect they have only to double or triple the dose. Another remarks, that certain details give to a picture the similitude and truth of life, and he believes that he cannot put too much of such details into his own. The grand source of all these faults, is the absence of that sagacity of mind, and of that strength of judgment, which, both in the poet and the artist, ought to act with as much certainty and promptitude, as the most delicate, and the most active of our senses. We may say to a person that such a sense fails him, but we cannot give to him the sense which nature has denied him.

As infants are rash through ignorance, so an infant genius never fears to undertake what it is incapable of executing. It is for this reason that Horace (v. 38.) exhorts those who wish to write, thoroughly to examine their powers, and not to launch upon a subject until they have attentively considered all its various relations and bearings, and studied how to render it a perfect whole. For, how can a young man who knows neither the world, nor himself, and cannot have a very right understanding of any thing; how, I ask, can he be certain that he does not presume too much on his own powers, or that he does not deceive himself in the choice of his subject?

But if he had that certainty, that would not be sufficient. It is not enough for him to have conceived his subject happily, to have methodized it according to rule, and to have formed in his own imagination a perfect whole of it, he must produce it to the world through the medium of language, in order to communicate the same impressions to his readers. The same nicety of judgment and refinement of taste ought here to direct in the formation of his style, the choice of his words, and phraseology (v. 45). Horace here, for the first time, allows himself a short digression, which it is probable was rather intended for the public than the Pisos'. He justifies a prudent and temperate use of obsolete words; he permits common expressions to be refined, or new ones to be invented; and the observation, with which he finishes, goes to shew, that an author, who wishes to descend to posterity, cannot bestow too much pains on his language. I say more, to what degree of perfection soever a writer may arrive, that observation ought to take away from him the desire that the language in which he writes may not survive him long. For, if the Latin language was the vernacular dialect of Italy at the present day, it is probable that the Italians would not understand Horace and Virgil better now, than we understand our poets of the age of the Emperor Henry VI.

After style, what bad poets, young and old, neglect most, is versification. The most difficult part of the art appears to them the easiest and least important. Some have no ear for the numerous and varied beauties, which flow from the construction of periods, the choice of word, and harmony of rhyme. Others think they have done much, when they have made their verses flowing and sonorous; but they never give themselves the trouble to enquire whether there be not in poetry, as well as music, different measures proper to express the different passions; that soft and easy verses are as little fit for a grave and elevated subject, as skipping dactyles for a melancholy strain; that there are, of this sort, faults without number to avoid, and beauties without number to diffuse, consequently, rules without number to observe; that often a single word or a single vowel in the place of another, destroys the harmony of a whole passage. Some are so grossly ignorant, that they do not even suspect, that a relation can subsist between the different kinds of verse, and the different subjects which poetry treats of. Horace touches this point but slightly (v. 78–85.), and as he thinks much less of forming good poets, than of ridiculing bad, he ends the few rules he has laid down on subjects so important as expression, style, and versification, with declaring that no one can pretend to the name of poet, who is not master of these points. He ranks, therefore, in the class of scribblers the greater part of the poets of his own and the preceding age, whose faults he so often condemns in his other writings; and hence the young Piso, who permitted himself to be seduced into poetry by the facility of making verses like the rest of the world, is naturally led to think, that it might be more difficult than he had imagined to excel in poetry.

Thus far no mention is made of dramatic poetry. But the theatre being the grand aim of those authors against whom our poet levels his sarcasms, he falls insensibly upon that subject, and probably is led to devote more attention to it from the consideration that the young Piso was a candidate for theatrical fame. Horace mentions (v. 89–127.) some of the most important rules of the dramatic art, as wells as the most frequent and palpable faults of the dramatic poets of his age. Their works being lost, it is true we can no longer find the examples to which his rules have allusion, but the traces of them in this epistle are numerous. Above all, from the manner in which Horace offers his advice, we are led to draw a conclusion, that what he says of the theatre is not designed to enable the young Piso to shine as a dramatic poet, but to correct his judgment, and teach him to think more soberly of the new pieces which were then produced every day.

(To be continued.)

TO THE EDITOR OF LE BEAU MONDE.

Sir,

WITHOUT undergoing any of those transmigrations of soul which, according to the system of some of the philosophers of former days, we are all destined to experience upon quitting this strange, jostling, and jumbling world, some spell more powerful even than the enchanters wand, recalled me, Mr. Editor, a short time since from the other side of the styx, where for nearly two centuries past I had been wandering, not a perturbed ghost, but a quiet unembodied spirit amongst as great a variety as I had been accus-

tomed to see in your humbler sphere, I found myself suddenly transported from my aërial regions, in my original form, to a quarter of the globe which I was not conscious of ever having visited before. After having mentioned to you, Sir, that which I quitted, and then tell you that to which I was now conveyed, you will not wonder that, on observing all around me, I thought myself introduced into some new country, and found myself a stranger amongst strangers. I must first tell you, Sir, that when at the age of 50, I was followed to my grave with unfeigned sorrow by an only son, it was in the glorious reign of good Queen Elizabeth, of no less glorious memory; and just at that period of it when the long and tapering waists of the ladies, were considered as calculated to display to the greatest advantage the correctness of the female form, whilst the equally long skirts to the coats of the men, gave that dignified sobriety to their appearance which was the happy character of my day. The treble ruffs rising with the tightly-formed dress round the throats of the ladies, displaying to the greatest advantage the finely-turned neck of the lovely wearer, stole from modesty its most attractive charm, and took nothing from grace—but modesty was, in those days, the hand-maiden of the toilette; in yours, perhaps, you have never heard of this old-fashioned assistant.—Imagine me, Sir, upon recovering my embodied form, surprised once more into being, and finding myself in the midst of a populous city and crowded streets.—The transition was so unexpected and surprising, that I at first could only employ my eyes in trying to discover whither I had been so suddenly transported. I saw myself surrounded by passing figures, of what sex I could not at first find out—their hats resembling in shape those of the *beaux* of my former world, whilst a loose sort of great coat, concealing all the rest of the dress, only increased my perplexity to know to which gender these non-descripts could possibly belong.—From these, with impatient curiosity, my eyes wandered to a still greater number of figures of the same inexplicable sex, habited in a sort of Turkish costume, with small turban-shaped head-dresses, and a loose sort of robe made of cloth, but of various colours as suited the caprice of the wearer. A white muslin petticoat peeping from the edge of it, at length happily satisfied my curiosity as to the *sex* of these fair pedestrians; and, perfectly conversant with foreign costume, I considered myself in the capital of the Grand Seignor's dominions. Much as the habits of the fairer sex attracted my observation, that of my own appeared to me no less extraordinary. A kind of jacket so curiously and scantily cut, that I scarcely know what name to give it, seemed to supply the *place* of a coat without affording half the *covering* of one, whilst a small linen vest, about three inches in length, displayed the rest of the figure in *legs*, exactly as in my days I had, when a boy, drawn the picture of NOBODY. Do not, however, suppose that I mean, by such an insinuation, to imply that these *beaux were* nobody's. If I may judge from the air of self satisfaction that I observed in most of their faces, they were, at least in their own opinion, people of *great* importance.

My mind was so occupied by the novel scene that surrounded me, that in contemplating it, I forgot I was no longer a disembodied wanderer, till roused to the recollection of the "pains and penalties of Adam," by a very keen terrestrial appetite, such as I had for a long period been a stranger to. Just at this moment a savoury odour issuing from a large public building near me, attracted my attention; and as it bore some resemblance to the Inns I had seen appropriated to weary travellers and hungry wanderers, I entered it as an evening clock was striking seven. Addressing mechanically the master of the house in my native English, without recollecting how little chance there was of its being understood in this strange country, I civilly asked if I could have any supper? The look of enquiry, and the glance of doubt and astonishment which alone answered my question, convinced me that I had addressed my auditor in a language he did not comprehend, and being unfortunately unacquainted with any other, I prepared to repeat my question, and to assist the explanation of it by signs. Imagine, Sir, my astonishment (for to describe it were impossible) when, with a mingled look of incredulity and contempt, the waiter replied to my question in my own language: "Supper, Sir, yes, you can have your supper, Sir, as soon as we have served up a dinner which is ordered for a party of gentlemen, at half past seven." "Dinner at half past seven, I exclaimed!" almost doubting the information I had received, pray, my good friend, satisfy my curiosity and inform me in what strange country I am thrown, where they *dine* at the hours I have been accustomed to *sup*? "Country, Sir," said the man, eying me with an apprehensive look as if he suspected me of having escaped from a straight waistcoat, "Why in England to be sure, and in London, Sir." A summons to attend some new arrival prevented my informer from observing the astonishment painted so visibly in my face; and I

had just time to prove my compliance with the strange customs of this now strange country, by begging him to let me have my supper at ten, for surprise had deprived me of all wish of an earlier repast. I determined to pass the intermediate hours in a ramble amongst the principal streets of a city, which seemed to have undergone as great a change as its inhabitants.—I directed my steps towards the west end of the town, lost in reflections upon the metamorphoses I had witnessed, and was returning to the hotel in somewhat of a melancholy mood, when my attention was arrested by a crowd of carriages that were successively thronging round the doors of a very large and splendid mansion, which I concluded to be some place of public amusement; and I was confirmed in the idea by hearing, as I mixed in the throng, the powdered gentlemen who were assembled round the carriages observe, "that the music was expected to be very good, and that one of the finest singers in the world was that evening to delight all the nobility and people of *ton* with her vocal powers." At a loss to guess whether this was to be in a play, or if this was a place devoted to musical talents only, I determined to mix in the gay scene, and to satisfy my curiosity, whilst I sought this method to banish my gloom. I accordingly, with my money in my hand presented myself at the door; and after offering it to the persons I saw stationed there, as I imagined for the purpose of receiving it, I enquired if there was any room in the House? "Room, Sir," said the person to whom I addressed myself, "why there's plenty of room at present, but there won't be much when the company is all come." Well then, my friend, tell me if you please, I cried, which way I am to turn to go to the pit. The person to whom I addressed myself as well as his companions, bursting into an immoderate fit of laughter, exclaimed, "the Pitt, indeed, why surely the man did not think this was a Play House?" Mortified as I was, yet curiosity overcame my displeasure, and I civilly entreated to be informed what this House was, which I had so unfortunately mistaken, and to what purpose it was with so much splendour devoted? Judge my astonishment, Mr. Editor, at seeing the world turned upside down, when I learnt that this mansion belonged to a noble family of the first rank in the kingdom, who had lent it for the evening to a great musical performer to give celebrity to his concerts, and *éclat* to a name, round which nobility had in other days twined a wreath of the proudest distinction. I hastily quitted the crowd, and the jests of the surrounding footmen, and quietly bent my steps once more towards the coffee-house. On my arrival there, I found what I had ordered for my supper, placed in one of the boxes in the coffee-room, in which an elderly gentleman was also seated. Anxious to glean some information of the events that had been passing in the political as well as the gay world since my departure from it, I applied to my neighbour for information on this subject. With equal horror and astonishment did I learn that a neighbouring nation, distinguished for enthusiastic attachment to its Monarchs during so many centuries, had suffered a stranger and a tyrant to usurp its throne, and voluntarily submitted to have its inhabitants torn from their household Gods and fertile climate, to aid the wild ambition, and still wilder projects of this modern Alexander. I found too, from my new friend's observations, that the best, the proudest distinctions of national character, which in my days made every man glory to confess himself an Englishman, were frittered away in this age of folly, or lost in the new system of philosophy and equality. All ranks of people seemed bringing themselves to the same level. The tenant was rivalling his landlord in horses, hounds, fine mistresses, and fine daughters; the tradesmen's wives in the city were outvying their more fashionable rivals in the west end of the town by more crowded routs, and higher play at their card tables. The plain country gentleman, with some ephemeral title, the purchace of yesterday, was assuming the honours with the importance of the old nobility; those who derived their claims to both from the virtues of their ancestors, no less than their own, my countrymen, alas! were, I learnt, dwindled into cox-combs, retaining as few of the good qualities as the habits and fashions of their forefathers; and my country women forgetting the sweet characteristics of their sex, as well as their nation—*Modesty*, with unblushing cheeks and uncovered bosoms, were to be found every where, but where, in my humbler days, I had been accustomed to see them—with their husbands and their children.

In short, good Mr. Editor, finding myself a stranger in my own country, I requested to be spared the painful witness of how much it was "fallen, fallen from its high estate," and to be conveyed again to the regions from which I had been taken—but I determined ere I vanished once more into "thin air," to repose my sentiments and earthly griefs in your bosom, Sir, and to claim your sympathy in the sorrows I have related.

A PERTURBED SPIRIT.

TO THE EDITOR OF LE BEAU MONDE.

Sir,

As your valuable Work embraces subjects of all kinds, you will oblige a constant reader by inserting the enclosed in your next Number; and I shall be much gratified by finding an answer from any of your ingenious Correspondents.

ON THE CATHOLIC QUESTION.

AT this awful and momentous crisis, when the eyes of all Europe are turned in anxious expectation towards this country, and when this country, with all her strength and all her resources, is almost unable to pursue the unequal contest in which she is engaged, it naturally becomes the object of those who are placed at the head of affairs to investigate every possible fountain from which fresh means of supply may be adequately gained. His Majesty's late Ministers, therefore, thought it expedient to look to the sister kingdom for an addition to the naval and military force of Great Britain; and that addition they could not expect to obtain, but by removing the disabilities which for a long time have continued to oppress the unfortunate inhabitants of Ireland. A short time ago, symptoms again appeared of that tumultuous disposition, which, for a long time past, has, more or less openly, agitated the internal frame of the sister kingdom. To what cause these symptoms were now to be attributed, there can be but little doubt. Promises were long ago made to the Catholics, which promises have never been performed: and it was but natural to expect that the Catholics would resent so flagrant a violation of our faith. When that illustrious statesman, Mr. Pitt, persuaded the Irish people, or rather persuaded the Irish Parliament, into the measure of union, the only compensation that was offered to Ireland for the sacrifice of her independence, nay of her existence as a nation, was the complete deliverance of several millions of men from a state of exclusion the most painful and degrading. It was for the emancipation of the Catholics that Ireland consented to be no longer a country—to blot herself from the map of the world. She agreed to sacrifice herself for the freedom of her children; she has sacrificed herself, but her children have not been freed.

It has long been acknowledged as a general principle among enlightened persons of all ranks, that every man, performing the necessary duties which are required and due from him to the state, has a right to protection in the duties which are required and due from him to his God. But how unmeaning is the protection which the state professes to grant, if he, who exercises his natural and constitutional rights, becomes, by the very exercise of those rights, the unfortunate object of innumerable disabilities! Surely if it be just that a man enjoy a right, it is but just that he enjoy the consequences of that right. It is not merely just—it is indispensable. But the moment we proceed to the effectuation of liberal and manly designs, the moment we begin to impart full and practical value to the rights we have acknowledged, then we are instantly told: "No, you "shall go no further—the Catholics have a "right to worship heaven as they please: we "will not interfere between them and their "God: but then we will not admit them to "temporal enjoyments, and place them on a "footing with ourselves who profess the *true* "*religion*."

If the Catholics have a right to worship heaven as they please, then the worship which is exercised by the Catholics is, at least, an innocent act: and yet for the exercise of that innocent act, they are punished with disabilities and mulcted by restrictions. They are chastised by British laws for actions which are not acknowledged as criminal by the British constitution. The answer of the other side is, "We "do not intend these restrictions and disabilities "by way of punishment to the Catholics, but "merely as a safeguard to ourselves." As a safegard to yourselves? What, is the Catholic religion inherently so bloody, that you are afraid of beholding in the year 1807 the miseries which were endured in the year 1555? If you think the spirit of Catholicism so desperate and so infuriated, if you think that wherever it enters, it will rave like the evil dæmon in the scriptures, and drive the whole herd down rocks and into seas; for heaven's sake, and for your own sakes, lay the axe at once to the root of so dreadful an evil: not only fetter the hands that are so eagerly itching to destroy you, but remove the fatal cup whence they draw the inspiriting cantharides with which they burn, and tell them that

a religion whose practice is murder, ought not to meet toleration even in theory. You know that you have no such apprehensions; you know that the Catholics are as little *disposed* to injure you, as they would, even if their disabilities were removed, *be unable* to injure you. Why do you imagine them disposed to injure you? When you have granted to them every privilege that is possessed by yourselves, what more can they expect—what more, even if they were governed by a Catholic King, could they possibly hope to obtain, when you shall have opened to them the ways of power and honour? Unless, indeed, you imagine that they have a mind to murder all the Protestants in the united Empire, by way of possessing their property: if any body is mad enough to think that, he is fit for nothing but to keep company with Dr. Duigenan. They have told you they mean no harm—but that you will not believe: if you do not choose to credit adscititious testimony, it must be because you think there is something in the internal evidence of the case, which contradicts their fair professions. And what is the internal evidence on which you rest? Why, their attachment to the Pope! You think that for the sake of the Pope, whom they have never seen, they will slaughter those to whom they are most nearly and dearly related and attached—that for the pretensions of the Pope they will sacrifice the rights of nature—that, under the guidance of the Pope, they will join the standard of Bonaparte, and march with the invaders of their country to the destruction of their countrymen. You think that the Pope, who has been obliged to endure, at the hands of Bonaparte, the devastation of his territory, and the annihilation of his empire, who was degraded by the Corsican, and marched to Paris for the coronation of his own destroyer, that man you think is likely the moment he regains his temporal power, and finds himself once more at the head of a large and potent population, to turn his newly acquired weapons in the service of the man who had disarmed him of those he before possessed!—Is this in human probability, is it human nature?

Among all the cries that have been raised by party spirit for party purposes, among all the watch-words of insurrection and incentives of civil war that ever were conjured up by collective illiberality for private emolument, there has never been one so wickedly, and at the same time so groundlessly spread abroad, as that which now placards our walls, and stares us at every corner in the face. The magic words are, NO POPERY! and to the word Popery, the prejudice of these times, and the tales of mischief, perpetrated in former ages, have attached significations involving almost all the dearest interests of our hearts. By "no Popery" we are taught to understand what the words implied in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, no tortures, no burning, no invasion of private peace, property, and security; all of which were justly apprehended in the dark ages, when a Catholic prelate was endeavouring, by his assumed empire over their spiritual, to gain an actual command over things temporal and material. But that great and haughty power is now no more: it can no more exist: for Catholics, while they reverence the principal individual of their church, yet recollect at the same time that they have temporal rights, and now that the principles of government, and the doctrines of equality have become so universally understood, there is no great probability that even superstition itself should get the better of ambition and independence, so far as to induce the Catholics to surrender into the hands of a priesthood the rights and privileges to which laymen are entitled. This supposition is in case the Catholics should ever attain a considerable degree of power—which, I contend, that from the disproportion of their numbers, they never can accomplish. They will not be in the proportion of one to ten: for though the Catholic population bears a greater proportion than that, to the number of Protestant inhabitants, yet the former religion is principally confined to the lower classes, and few of their number would ever arrive at the honours of statesmen and commanders. "Well," exclaim the enemies of Catholicism, "if the "number is likely to be so small, why make "all this bustle about it? why set the country "in arms for a matter confessedly of so little "importance?" It is not a matter of little importance: the operations of hope, however distant, are wonderfully powerful. When a parent sends his child into any profession, what must be his discouragements when he feels that, however great may be the merits of the youth, he can never hope to attain that rank which may, however, be bestowed, before his very eyes, on another, his junior and his inferior? It is the infinite extendibility of advantage, if we may be allowed to make use of that expression, it is the infinite extendibility of advantage that gives value to any profession. Place a bar that opposes the progress of the candidate, and however remote that bar may be, however wide may be the ground which can be traversed before its impediment comes into immediate and absolute action, yet its

operation will be felt in the earlier part of the course, and depress the endeavours of an ambition, which, if it had hoped ever to pass it, would probably have reached it. When a student enters the profession of the law, he knows that there can be but one Lord Chancellor: yet, probably, if the profession did not lead to that high honour, it would not comprise so many honourable names, and so many admirable talents as it now can boast: pretty nearly the same thing may be said of all the other professions from which the Catholics are excluded.

But it is no more than fair to observe the temper and dispositions of the persons who are accused of such sentiments as "would induce "them to destroy us, with an unsparing hand, if "ever they arrived at power." Of that temper, and of those dispositions, we have the strongest testimonials in their own declaration. When, at a period of two years distance, they presented a petition to parliament, for the removal of the obstructions that oppressed them, they drew what we may consider as their manifesto; as their creed and confession of faith. In that petition they stated, that they were stedfastly attached to the person, family, and government, of their most gracious Sovereign; that they were impressed with sentiments of affectionate gratitude for the benignant laws which had been enacted for meliorating their condition during his paternal reign; and that they contemplated, with rational and decided predilection, the admirable principles of the British constitution. That they had solemnly and publicly taken the oaths, prescribed to them by law, as tests of political and moral principles: and they appealed, as indeed they had a right most confidently to do, to the sufferings which they long *had* endured, and which they at that moment endured, rather than violate their consciences by taking oaths of a religious or spiritual import, contrary to their belief, as a decisive proof of their profound and scrupulous reverence for the sacred obligation of an oath. For this was long one of the things on which their enemies harped, wishing to have it understood that the Catholics, even now, think it allowable to keep no faith with Heretics, not even the faith of an oath. What can be more convincing than an appeal, in which they say: "We have been oppressed by persons whom "our church has termed Heretical: those Here-"tics have prescribed to us certain oaths as "tests, which, being once taken, remove us "from our inferiority, and admit us at once to "power: but we have not taken those oaths—"and why? Because we deny the principle "that it would be lawful for us to commit, "for the sake of our own aggrandizement, "such an action toward persons who differ "from ourselves in religious principle, as we "should think it improper to commit towards "persons of our own persuasion; and, there-"fore, we will not cheat even Heretics by a "false oath." By the oaths which they thought themselves permitted to take, they had bound themselves: and they offered still further to bind themselves in the presence of the all-seeing Deity, whom all classes of Christians adore, "To be faithful, and bear true allegi-"ance to their most gracious Sovereign Lord, "King George the Third, and him to defend, "to the utmost of their power, against all con-"spiracies and attempts whatsoever that should "be made against his person, crown, or dignity; "to do their utmost endeavours to make "known and disclose to his Majesty and his "heirs all treasons and traiterous conspiracies "which might be formed against him or them, "and faithfully to maintain, support, and de-"fend, to the utmost of their power, the suc-"cession to the crown in his Majesty's family "against any person or persons whatsoever." And they farther declared, that they renounced and abjured obedience and allegiance unto any person claiming or pretending a right to the crown of this realm: that they rejected and detested, as unchristian and impious, to believe that it is lawful in any ways to injure any person or persons whatsoever under pretence of their being Heretics; and, also, that unchristian and impious principle, that no faith is to be kept with Heretics—that it is no article of their faith, and that they renounced and rejected, and abjured the opinion that Princes, excommunicated by the Pope and council, or by any authority whatsoever, may be deposed or murdered by their subjects, or by any person whatsoever—that they do not believe that the Pope of Rome, or any other foreign prince, prelate, state, or potentate, hath or ought to have any temporal or civil jurisdiction, power, superiority, or pre-eminence, within this realm; that they firmly believe that no act, in itself unjust, immoral, or wicked, can ever be justified or excused, by or under pretence or colour that it was done for the good of the church, or in obedience to any ecclesiastical power whatsoever; and that it is not an article of the Catholic faith: neither are the Catholics on their faith required to believe, or profess, that the Pope is infallible, or that they are bound to obey any order in its own nature im-

moral, though the Pope or any ecclesiastical power should issue or direct any such order; but, on the contrary, they held that it would be sinful to pay any respect or obedience thereto. They do not believe that any sin whatsoever committed by them, can be forgiven at the mere will of any Pope, or of any priest, or of any person or persons whatever, but that any person who receives absolution for the same without a sincere sorrow, and a firm and sincere resolution to avoid future guilt, and to atone to God, so far from obtaining thereby any remission of his sins, incurs the additional guilt of violating a sacrament; and they declared that they were bound and firmly pledged to defend, to the utmost of their power, the settlement and arrangement of property in their country, as established by the laws now in being. They disclaimed, disavowed, and solemnly abjured, any intention to subvert the present church-establishment for the purpose of substituting a Catholic establishment in its stead; and they have also solemnly sworn that they will not exercise any privilege to which they are or may become entitled, to disturb or weaken the Protestant religion, or Protestant government in Ireland.

After the unequivocal proofs which they have given us of their sacred attachment to an oath, it surely cannot be supposed that, with pledges like these, we can entertain the smallest doubt of the principles by which the Catholics are actuated.

But it seems that apprehensions are entertained, not only by the legislature at large, but more particularly by that branch of the legislature to whose opinions it is but fit that I should always pay the highest reverence. I do not happen, in the present instance, to coincide in those opinions, but I always respect, even where I do not admire. The highest praise is unquestionably due to his Majesty for the conscientious principles which have actuated his conduct: indeed, I do not wonder to find public conscience the constant attendant and adviser of a Monarch, whose private life has afforded so many bright and striking examples of his habitual attention to that strict monitor. But I may surely be permitted to say, that to me his Majesty appears, on this occasion, to have confined himself even within narrower limits than the nature of the case required. He did indeed, by his coronation-oath, make a promise "to maintain the Protestant "religion as by law established:" and no one will merely venture to blame him for strictly observing the dictates of that oath. But what I mean here to contend, is, that the Emancipation of the Catholics does not go toward the destruction, but actually and energetically toward the better support and firmer maintenance of the Protestant religion as by law established: we are all agreed about the necessity of observing the oath itself: I differ only as to the means by which that oath may be most effectually observed.

The Protestant religion is to be supported by the state, on which that religion rests: and if, from a measure like the Emancipation of the Catholics, there be reason to hope for a great increase of our national strength, surely the Emancipation of the Catholics must be a measure conducive to the maintenance of the Protestant religion. The person who has always argued with the greatest inveteracy against the Catholics, stated the other evening in the House of Commons, on Mr. Brand's celebrated motion, that the proportion of Catholics serving in the Irish regiments, was that of one-fourth; now, if in a country where pretty nearly three-fourths of the whole population are Catholics, only one-fourth is found in the service of his Majesty, this circumstance must of course arise from some inherent defects in the system which operates upon the Catholics. The remedy for those defects is to be sought in the removal of the oppressive measures which exclude the Catholics from the privileges of Englishmen, and place conscience and religion as the eternal barriers between man and his rights! The Irish Catholics, as long as the hope of promotion is absent, as long as they are withheld, which must naturally be the case, by the gentry above them, from entering into his Majesty's service, must of course recruit most slowly and unwillingly; and yet, perhaps, it is among those very men that we may look for the strongest and most valuable soldiers. But some people appear to take up the question on the ground that was assumed, in joke, by Lord Chancellor Thurlow, when, during the agitation of the question on repealing the Test Act, a number of the Dissenters waited upon his Lordship to enforce their petition by personal suit, his answer was, "G—d d—n you all! I do not care a fig whether our religion is uppermost, or your's, or any, or none: I only say this, that if you were up, you would keep us down; and, now we are up, d—n me, but we'll keep you down! that's all."

Besides, when we consider the situation in which the Irish Catholics do actually stand, at the present moment in their own country, it will be impossible for us to reconcile the con-

tradictory conditions established in the two nations. By their own act of 1793, the Irish are entitled to hold commissions in the army and navy, even though they should be so unfortunate as to have attended high mass. But in England, no Catholic, whatever his merits may be, is entitled to hold a commission from his Majesty: Thus, if it were necessary, in case of invasion, or any other such emergency, to call over an Irish regiment commanded by Catholic officers, to any service in this country, those officers, the moment they set foot in England, would be reduced to this alternative, the most distressing, perhaps, that could occur to a brave man: either he must violate with great individual risk, the laws which it has been thought necessary to establish for the preservation of the constitution, or he must submit to stand by a passive spectator, and behold that constitution herself, and her dearest children, fall a prey to the sword of an invading enemy.

But even if the opponents of the Catholics would permit them to hold commissions in the army and navy, of a subordinate description, yet they would never permit a Catholic to stand upon the staff. What? a man of courage, conduct, and talent, has distinguished himself at the head of a regiment—has proved alike his ability and his patriotism—has been pointed out as the person most likely to do credit to his Majesty by promotion.—Impossible! he is a Catholic. He has been of the highest use as an inferior officer; but give him a command, and you make a rascal of him directly: he has fought *for* his country at the head of a regiment, but give him the command of an army, and he directly fights *against* her. And, to be sure, the whole army under his command, Catholics, and Protestants, and all, will undergo precisely the same metamorphosis, and join their new leader to burn all the Protestants, men, women, and children! And all this for the sake of the Pope, whom the whole party must, of course, be so fond of.

After so many attempts, and all fruitless, we begin to despair of beholding, for a great number of years, the complete Emancipation of the Catholics. Yet the opinions of the ablest men in his Majesty's Councils, men too, of all sects and parties, have coincided in the broad and general opinion, that the disabilities and restrictions under which the Catholics labour, ought to be instantly abolished. Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt, Lord Grenville, Lord Howick, and Mr. Grattan, have alike upheld the cause of Catholic Emancipation. There are some persons, who, when they are unable to find strong arguments, have recourse to high authority. But on this occasion, persons (who, having no arguments to support a favourite series of measures, that were secured for a number of years, had recourse to the authorities of Mr. Pitt, the supporter of those measures) have declined to believe the authority of Mr. Pitt on this his most liberal and most valuable measure, and have now in their favour neither argument nor authority. When shall we hope that Parliament will open its eyes, and save the country from those dreadful perils on the verge of which for so long a time she has been trembling?

A FRIEND TO THE CATHOLICS.

FITZWALTER, "OR THE SOPHISTRY OF THE PASSIONS."

(Continued from page 319)

THE advantage of giving to Miss Rossmere the polish of English manners, and completing her acquirements under the instruction of the best masters, was too obvious for Mrs. Orville to hesitate about taking her to England; besides, she had for the last year insensibly become not only her companion, but friend. Affection, no less powerfully than gratitude, led her to the constant contemplation of Mrs. Orville's virtues, to the silent study of her fading features, and to the watchful observance of the diminished brilliancy of her eyes, where, unperceived by all but herself, the tear trembled in silence. Young, lovely, affectionate, and sympathizing, anticipating her wants, and her wishes, Caroline stole at intervals from Mrs. Orville, during a long and stormy voyage, the painful recollections that crowded on her mind, of her husband and her children.

They arrived, at length, in England, only as it were for Mrs. Orville to close the eyes, and receive the last blessing of a mother, whose frame, enfeebled by constant solicitude about her daughter, sunk under the strong emotions

of joy, with which she once again folded her to her bosom. She survived the conflict but a month, and left that daughter to feel all the loneliness of a deserted heart, all the anguish attending the disappointment of her hopes of finding consolation on a mother's breast, and of soothing by her tenderness and attention the evening of a life which had known but a continued sunshine till Colonel Orville's departure for India. The young friends who, before she quitted England, trod with her the gay circle of pleasure or social enjoyments, had, like herself, been thrown into different paths of life, and she found few of them now resident in town; indeed if they had been, her recent sorrows and weakened health, made her careless of their society, and alive only to the recollection of those she had left. The arrangement of her mother's affairs, which devolved equally on herself and Mr. Maitland, who was left as her executor, gradually withdrew her attention from such subjects of painful contemplation, and she found an addition of five hundred a year settled exclusively upon herself, but a painful memento of the blessing she had now lost. Mrs. Orville's retired mode of living made this to her an ample sum, independent of the remittances she expected to receive from her husband, and two hundred pounds a year, which Miss Rossmere's mother insisted on her receiving towards the board and expences of Caroline's education.

Here, then, in England, was Mrs. Orville domesticated, her anxious wishes constantly directed towards India, and her heart beating with eager expectation, as often as she heard of the arrival of any ships from thence. Her disappointment was, at length, somewhat lessened by a short letter from her husband, informing her that the next ship was to bring over his friend Major Fitzwalter, to whom he should entrust a longer and more particular detail of himself, his prospects, and his children.

Anxiously, from this moment, was every wind watched, and every rumour caught at, of any arrival from India; and from that sweet association of idea upon which the heart sometimes leans, the name of Fitzwalter was never mentioned, but it appeared to Miss Rossmere to act with a sort of magic influence upon the sorrows of her friend. It was, therefore, the talisman with which she generally led back Mrs. Orville to hope and promised happiness, whilst her heart was beating with all the strong emotions of maternal tenderness—with all the trembling anxieties of a wife and mother. Mrs. Orville, at length, heard his name announced in her drawing-room, and received from his hand the long expected letter from her husband. The various sensations which at this moment agitated her, the strong conflict between hope and fear, threw into her lovely countenance a mixed expression of tenderness and sweetness, that made her break upon Fitzwalter almost as a celestial being. With evident surprise and embarrassment he delivered the packet with which he was charged; and when he saw the tear of anxiety trembling in her eye as she received it, "Allow me, Madam," he added, "the happiness of removing the cause of a solicitude so truly amiable, by assuring you I left Colonel Orville well, and your lovely children sweetly talking of the happy period of your meeting." "Then he is well again," said Mrs. Orville, "and he is *happy*," she *would* have added, but the word died upon her lips, and she could only say, "and my children are well too?" "They are well, Madam, and all that the fondest mother could wish, in infant sweetness," replied Fitzwalter, gazing with admiration at the lovely inquirer, who, immediately on his departure, withdrew to weep uninterruptedly over the packet which contained the following letter:—

DEAR LOUISA,

My friend Major Fitzwalter has promised to be the bearer not only of this to you, but of all that can interest you respecting myself and the children, who are well, and growing every day more out of your knowledge. He will also tell you the particulars of a duel in which I was unavoidably engaged with an officer of our regiment, who sought to misrepresent me to the General. A very trifling wound which I received, has left only the slight trace of indisposition behind it, with a little debility, which must for the present retard my return to England, anxious as I am to place the children again under your protection. Fitzwalter is my friend, and as such you will receive him. I leave to his fire-side visits to you, a farther account of us all. Tell Miss Rossmere she still lives in the remembrance of most of her old *beaux* here, as you do, dear Louisa, in that of your affectionate

ORVILLE.

Such were the contents of the letter that Mrs. Orville's trembling hand unfolded, and which prepared her for a sensation of anguish that had never till this period reached her, even in imagination. Was this the long, the fondly-expected letter, that was to calm the solicitudes of a mother—the anxieties of a wife? Was this cal-

culated to soften the painful hours of separation, of inquietude, and apprehension? Was this the letter of a husband—of a father? Such were the agonizing reflections of Mrs. Orville, which, confined to her own bosom with an almost religious care, preyed upon it, and robbed it in secret of all that had once been happiness. Her first introduction to Fitzwalter had made an impression on him more powerful than even that of surprise. It was a moment that fixed his fate and decided his projects. He had heard much of Mrs. Orville in India, and he had never heard her named, but with sentiments of pity united to those of admiration. He had, too, not unfrequently been thrown into a circle where he had noticed Colonel Orville's public excesses, and was at length accidentally introduced to his table, where he was too often a witness of his private ones. Even the respect due to the remembrance of his wife, was not long retained, but a rival soon usurped her place there, and with it her privileges. It was a disgraceful quarrel respecting her that had occasioned the duel which he had represented to Mrs. Orville as the necessary defence of wounded honour. It was in one of those hours, when the Circean cup had circulated with more than usual quickness, that Fitzwalter announced to him his intended return to England, and asked if he could do any thing for him there. "Any thing for me?" he replied—"yes, you can do a great deal: go and take care of my wife—keep her quiet if you can—but mind and tell no tales, Fitzwalter." Charged with this commission did Fitzwalter arrive in England—a commission so lightly given, that it would scarcely have been remembered by him, but for the letter with which he was also entrusted. Before I proceed to say how he availed himself of it, I must present him to my readers, not such as he met Mrs. Orville, but such as he really was, possessing a countenance less attractive than impressive; it was not at a first interview you discovered that it was of so strong, so marking a character, that, upon a second, a physiognomist could never forget it. A look of keen inquiry, thrown over features naturally dark and saturnine, would have made them rather repulsive, but that they softened in a moment at his command (and it was the transition of a moment) into a pensive look of interest or sympathy in all that was addressed to him. A measuring eye, a voice modulated to every inflexion of tenderness, and that took in an instant all its tones, completed the charm that was at first unperceived, and therefore the more dangerous when discovered. Early initiated into life, he had seen and mixed in it, in every circle of fashion and extravagance, and his residence in India had given him different views of wealth, but not of morality. He now returned to his native country with increased *riches*, but not amended *principles*. The distinguishing trait of his character was *perseverance*; whatever was the object of his pursuit, he followed with unwearied diligence till attained, but with so quiet, yet so *fixed* an eye, that it was unknown to all but himself; and the pursuit was never relinquished till success crowned it. Such was the dangerous character presented at this dangerous moment to Mrs. Orville, and anxiously did she anticipate the next interview with him, when she might venture to inquire a thousand little circumstances relative to her husband and children.

(To be continued.)

ANIMALIANA:

OR, ANECDOTES AND OBSERVATIONS RESPECTING VARIOUS SPECIES OF ANIMALS.

WE are indebted for the following article to a gentleman, who has distinguished himself in the literary world, by some interesting and valuable publications on the subject of natural history; we expect to be favoured with further communications from the same intelligent quarter.

The Wolf.

The great affection which wolves entertain for their offspring, often renders them, during their breeding season, exceedingly ferocious. Of this, two instances occurred in the menagerie of the museum at Paris.

A female wolf which was kept in the same den with a male, every year produced young ones. One of the cubs was accustomed occasionally to pass under the grating of the den, for the purpose of running about, and playing with the dogs of the menagerie. This intercourse enraged the parents so much, that one day, at the return of the frolicsome little ani-

mal, they ferociously sprang at it, tore it piece-meal, and devoured it.

In the year 1798, a similar occurrence took place with the same wolves. They devoured three of their young ones, who, like the former, occasionally left their den to play with dogs in the area of the menagerie.

The wolf is undoubtedly, in many respects, a cowardly animal, and, although in general ferocious, is, on some occasions, easily intimidated. His strength of body, however, is such, that, in the chase, it is not an easy thing to overtake and kill him, particulary if he is allowed fair play, and has a tolerably favorable country before him. In the wolf-hunting of the late King of France, although it was always well attended, and was pursued by the fleetest and strongest dogs that could be procured, it seldom happened that any but young wolves were killed. A French gentleman who took great delight in this sport, and who has published some observations on the means of destroying these animals, asserts that he has been often compelled to abandon the pursuit of wolves at the distance of fifty and sixty leagues, or upwards, from the place where it commenced. He says that although his establishment for this purpose was very excellent, he had not the good fortune to kill more than three old wolves during the whole of his sporting career: one of these was seized by his dogs without much difficulty, in consequence of its having previously gorged itself with the flesh of a dead ass in such a manner that it had scarcely any power to run.—See the observations of M. Gouffier on the means of destroying wolves, *Feuille du Cultivateur*, 2 *Juin*, 1792.

In many parts of the continent, the inhabitants suffer severely from the number, and the consequent depredations of the wolves. Somewhat more than forty years ago, there was, in particular, one wolf, in the district of Gevaudan, in Languedoc, which, from its size and ferocity, was the terror of all the surrounding neighbourhood. The inhabitants believed it to be an hyæna, and it was generally called "*la bête du Gévaudan.*" Several thousand men have sometimes been armed at a time in pursuit of it; but, in a country intersected in every direction like this, by mountains and forests, we must not be surprized when we are told that it was not till after many attempts, and several serious accidents, that the inhabitants succeeded in destroying it. Some of the French accounts speak of more than twenty persons having, at different times, been killed by it. Public prayers were offered for its destruction in most of the churches and monasteries of Languedoc.

Another wolf of enormous size was killed in the neighbourhood of Angoulême, in the year 1788. It was upwards of three feet in height; and, exclusive of the tail, it measured five feet and an inch in length. Its weight was a hundred and fifty-one pounds. The teeth were extremely large and strong, and the colour of the hair considerably darker than that of most of the animals of the species.

It was believed by the ancients that the wolf had only one continued bone in its neck, which, consequently, was stiff and immoveable. This circumstance is asserted by Aristotle, but it is erroneous: the wolf has several vertebræ in the neck, and this part of its body as flexible, in every direction, as that of the dog.

Dogs.

In China there is an adage of great antiquity that "Dogs and swine, the fatter they are, the nearer are they to their end." Dogs are fatted for food in almost all parts of this extensive empire, and their flesh is held in great esteem. It is admitted to the tables even of the principal Mandarins, and is considered a delicious nutriment by all classes of the people. In most of the markets it is exposed to sale in as great abundance as mutton, veal, and beef, are in England. The above adage is applied to such of the Mandarins as by suddenly becoming rich, through injustice or oppression, excite the envy of their superiors and equals, and the hatred of all those who have suffered by their extortion and avarice, to conspire together towards their downfall and destruction.

With respect to the flesh of the dog, we have a curious remark in one of the Chinese writers. "When, in the dark, a man receives the flesh "of an ape, *instead of that of a dog*, he eats "it with a relish, and considers it excellent: "But when on the following morning he is told "what it really was that he ate, his stomach "sickens at the thought, and he immediately "begins to vomit."

The dog is, in most cases, the incorruptible guardian, and the faithful and disinterested companion of man. He does not, like a faithless friend, attend him only in prosperity; but even in the depth of misery and distress he continues his undiminished attentions. His sagacity also is, in many cases, very wonderful. "I have seen," says Montaigne, in his artless, but interesting stile, "a dog, which, in con-"ducting a blind man along the fosse of a

"town, left a plain and beaten path, and took "a worse, for the apparent purpose of lead- "ing his master out of the hollow. How "(he asks) is it possible to conceive that this "dog should have had sufficient knowledge to "regard only the security of his master, and "in a great degree disregard his own conveni- "ence and ease? And how could he have con- "ceived that the old path, though sufficiently "capacious to admit of his going along it, was "becoming too narrow for its master to pass?" *Essais, liv. ii. ch.* 12.

M. Sonnini speaks of a pug dog, (Roquet) which, from early habit, had become fond of eating snuff. He informs us that whenever a snuff-box happened to be opened in the presence of the dog, he was always exceedingly troublesome to the owner till he took out a pinch and put it into the animals mouth. This is a singular instance of depraved taste in the animal creation.

The Horse.

We are informed by an old Dutch writer on Natural History, that horses have sometimes been trained (for the purpose of exhibition) to walk upright, on their hind legs, in the same manner as dancing dogs. How degrading an employment for so noble an animal! He speaks of a horse that was taught, at command, to raise himself on his haunches, with his fore-feet elevated from the ground, and, in this absurd posture, to drink wine or ale out of a goblet. The same animal would likewise hold, on his fore-legs, a bason, as if about to undergo the operation of shaving. At a certain signal given by his master he would suddenly throw himself at full length on the ground, and lie there, for some time, motionless, and as if dead; till, by another signal, he was directed to rise upon his legs again. He performed a great number of other equally ridiculous feats.

The Ermine.

The skins of Ermines are well known from their being employed for the lining of robes, and other purposes. They constitute an extremely valuable article of commerce betwixt the Russians and the Chinese. Of late years they have, however, considerably fallen in value, in consequence of the deceptions that have been practised by the Russian merchants, who, for the purpose of increasing their weight, concealed little pieces of lead in different parts about the feet.

It is generally, but erroneously, believed, that the ermine is an animal found only in northern climates. They are, undoubtedly, natives of the Molucca islands, where, however, they preserve, like the weesel in this country, their brown colour during the whole of the year. Seba likewise speaks of them as being found in Java, and his testimony is confirmed by that of professor Pallas.

Guinea-Pigs.

It is asserted that neither mice nor rats will enter any place that is frequented by guinea-pigs. Does this arise from any peculiar smell of the animals. It cannot possibly be supposed that the guinea-pigs pursue and destroy them.

These little animals, now so common in our country, are natives of South America. They were originally carried from Brazil to Guinea; and it was from the latter country that they were first imported into Europe.

The Swan.

The strength of the swan is enormously great for the size of the animal; and when, on any occasion, it is roused to fury, it becomes a formidable adversary. As the turkey is irritated, and even sometimes enraged, at any thing that is red, so the swan is generally believed to have a similar antipathy to such animals as are white. M. Titius, a German professor, was witness to a violent contest betwixt an enraged swan and a quiet horse, which had been guilty of no greater offence than (being of a white colour) approaching somewhat too near the pond on which the swan was sailing about. The haughty bird immediately swam to the bank, and, with the greatest fury, darted upon the horse, and beat him about the legs in a most unmerciful manner, with its strong and heavy wings. The animal did not recover from its wounds for a long time, and had he not been relieved from his situation by some men who fortunately happened to be at a little distance at the moment of attack, it is believed that he would have fallen a victim to the fury of the bird.—*Journal Encycloped. du* 15 *Décembre*, 1775.

It has been remarked, but how far with truth may deserve further enquiry, that, when swans plunge half their body into the water, it is the sign of a continuance of fine weather; and that when they throw up the water round them, it is an indication of approaching rain.

TO THE EDITOR OF LE BEAU MONDE.

SIR,

In the autumn of the year 1804, when two gentlemen (on a pedestrian excursion through the Western Highlands of Scotland) were descending the Bowling-green hill rising from Loch Long, they perceived a man among the furze, nearly at the root of it. The dreadful distortion of his features and wildness of his eye, independent of his squallid appearance and the tattered state of his clothes, sufficiently convinced them that he was suffering the dream and fever of mental derangement. His immediate flight, on their attempting to address him, prevented their ascertaining the degree of insanity he laboured under, nor could they afterwards procure any intelligence respecting him. How he could support existence was a matter of the utmost surprise to them, as there were no habitations for many miles near the situation in which they discovered him; and the hills intervening, are the most rugged and barren in Argyleshire. As an "outcast, abandoned to weather," a more interesting figure could scarcely be imagined, nor a being more calculated to excite pity.

The following lines very inadequately express the sensations he gave rise to:—

Ah! solitary one, how came you here,
In this lone glen, no friend nor hovel near?
Far from thy home, bent by the mountain blast,
Where art thou wand'ring?—tell us of the past.
He spoke not; but his fever'd frenzy'd soul
Told the dire truth, his mind outrag'd controul;
Oft did he wildly look, avert his eye,
Then sadly moan—the cause is known on high.
Upon the mountain turf, uncouch'd he lies,
Chill'd by night dews, his canopy the skies.

Loch-Goil Head. *W. S. U. J.*

SECRET CORRESPONDENCE.

A young Lady, newly married, being obliged to shew her Husband all the Letters she wrote, sent the following to an intimate Friend.

"I cannot be satisfied, my Dearest Friend, "blest as I am in the matrimonial state, "unless I pour into your friendly bosom, "which has ever beat in unison with mine, "the various sensations which swell "with the liveliest emotions of pleasure, "my almost bursting heart. I tell you my dear "husband is the most amiable of men. "I have now been married seven weeks, and "have never found the least reason to "repent the day that joined us. My husband is "both in person and manners far from resembling "ugly, cross, old, disagreeable, and jealous "monsters, who think by confining to secure: "a wife it is his maxim to treat as a "bosom friend, ... and not as a "plaything, or menial slave, the woman "of his choice. . . . . Neither party, "he says, should always obey implicitly; "but each yield to the other by turns. "An ancient maiden aunt, near seventy, "a cheerful, venerable, and pleasant old lady, "lives in the house with us—she is the de-"light of both young and old; she is ci-"vil to all the neighbourhood round, "generous and charitable to the poor. "I am convinced my husband likes nothing more "than he does me: he flatters me more "than the glass, and his intoxication, "(for so I must call the excess of his love) "often makes me blush for the unworthiness "of its object, and wish I could be more deserving "of the man whose name I bear. To "say all in one word, ... and to "crown the whole, ... my former lover "is now my indulgent husband, my fondness "is returned, and I might have had "a Prince, without the felicity I find in "him. Adieu! may you be as blest as I am un-"able to wish that I could be more "happy!"

N. B.—The key to the above letter (in cypher) is to read the first, and then every alternate line only.

TO THE EDITOR OF LE BEAU MONDE.

SIR,

I believe the following anecdotes of the late Mr. Fox have never yet appeared in print; they are at your service if you think proper to insert them in your valuable miscellany.

Piccadilly, April 1, 1807. *P. N.*

When Mr. Fox was at Eton school, high play was much in fashion at that seminary, and one young nobleman lost 10,000*l.* to another, and gave him his note for it. This note was many years after presented for payment, and occasioned much conversation. Mr. Fox being asked his opinion of the propriety of his relations's paying such a debt, replied, "If Lord C. thinks proper to demand it of Lord ——, his lordship, I dare say, will consider it as a debt of honour."

The late Lord Holland excusing himself for not paying his elder son's debts, on the plea that it would diminish the fortune he intended for Charles. "Your Lordship, said he, had better take the credit of paying them yourself, for if you do not, I am bound to do it when you are gone."

THE DEATH-WATCH.

AMONG the popular superstitions, which the almost general illumination of modern times has not been able to obliterate, the dread of the Death-Watch may well be considered as one of the most predominant, and still continues to disturb the habitations of rural tranquillity with groundless fears and absurd apprehensions. It is not, indeed, to be imagined that they who are engaged in the more important cares of providing the immediate necessaries of life should have either leisure or inclination to investigate, with philosophic exactness, the causes of a particular sound: yet it must be allowed to be a very singular circumstance, that an animal so common should not be more universally known, and the peculiar noise which it occasionally makes be more universally understood. It is chiefly in the advanced state of spring that this alarming little animal commences its sound, which is no other than the call or signal by which the male and female are led to each other, and which may be considered as analogous to the call of birds; though not owing to the voice of the insect, but to its beating on any hard substance with the shield or fore-part of its head. The prevailing number of distinct strokes which it beats is from seven to nine or eleven; which very circumstance may perhaps still add, in some degree, to the ominous character which it bears among the vulgar. These sounds or beats are given in pretty quick succession, and are repeated at uncertain intervals; and in old houses where the insects are numerous, may be heard at almost every hour of the day; especially if the weather be warm. The sound exactly resembles that which may be made by beating moderately hard with a mall on a table. The insect is of a colour so nearly resembling that of decayed wood, viz. an obscure greyish brown, that it may for a considerable time elude the search of the enquirer. It is about a quarter of an inch in length, and is moderately thick, in proportion, and the wing-shells are marked with numerous irregular variegations, of a lighter or greyer cast than the ground-colour. Ridiculous and even incredible as it may appear, it is an animal that may in some measure be tamed: at least it may be so familiarized as to be made to beat occasionally, by taking it out of its confinement, and beating on a table or board, when it will readily answer the noise, and will continue to beat as often as required.—We must be careful not to confound this animal, which is the real Death-Watch of the vulgar, emphatically so called, with a much smaller insect of a very different genus which makes a sound like the ticking of a watch, and continues it for a long time without intermission. This latter belongs to a totally different order, and is the *Termes pulsatorium* of Linnæus.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

A TREATISE ON INDIGENCE, &c. BY P. COLQUHOUN, ESQ.

(Concluded from page 329.)

THE last head of this work, which it remains particularly for us to notice, is *a National Deposit Bank for Parochial Societies*, which the author suggests should be established in the metropolis, under the immediate sanction of government, with branches in certain districts of the country, conveniently situated, to be managed by a president and five directors, with three subordinate directors to each district branch, to receive such deposits as should be paid by the managers of parochial societies, constituted in the manner hereafter explained, entitling the individuals composing such societies to the contingent benefits arising from their respective deposits accurately calculated.

Mr. Colquhoun then goes on to give us a sketch of the contributions to be required from each individual from 20 to 30 years of age, increasing in proportion to the advanced risks of life; and he recommends that the deposits be extended from thence, according to proper calculations drawn up by scientific men, so that persons so old as 60 may not be excluded from the benefits of his scheme.

When the calculations upon the contingencies, or benefits applicable to each class, which Mr. Colquhoun does not feel himself capable of giving, shall be made, he then recommends that copies of them shall be sent to each of the officiating resident ministers and church-wardens in England, and that a day shall be appointed for them to disclose the advantages of the scheme, leaving to every one the option of becoming members of the proposed institution, or not, according to their own inclinations.

A second meeting is then recommended of those who may please to associate, for the purpose of choosing a committee of managers, a secretary, and other persons to superintend the local concerns of the association, and to decide upon the pretensions of the claimants who might make demands on the funds of the Institution.

We cannot follow our author through all his various regulations for the purpose of preventing individuals from becoming incumbrances on the Deposit Bank, except through unavoidable calamity, but it would be unfair not to observe that these seem judicious and well conceived, provided that the original object can be carried into execution. Of this, however, we have the most serious doubts. It is a melancholy fact, that at least half the labouring population of England, and that the more intelligent and enlightened half, are seceders from the national church, and almost wholly under the influence of the dissenting clergy. Now, we conceive that a scheme, in which the ministers and officers of the establishment must necessarily have so large a sway as that proposed by Mr. Colquhoun, cannot possibly be rendered grateful to those who should compose the efficient members of it, unless the local management of it be solely committed to the hands of those in whom they can confide. Besides, have the poor of England rational incitement to trust their surplus earnings to parish overseers, and church-wardens, such as we have always seen them, in the vain expectation that these men of office, under a new order of things, and when they shall zealously, honestly, and conscientiously apply their hard savings to constitute a fund to afford them relief in the hour of distress, that these men of office to whose care it is now proposed to be intrusted, or at least through whose hands, with a thousand jealous precautions, assistance is to be administered, is it to be supposed that these creatures of office will relax the harsh and austere visage of place and parochial dignity, because the poor contribute to their own support? If we could supply all parishes of the kingdom with parish officers as enlightened and liberal minded as we sincerely believe Mr. Colquhoun to be, the object of his speculation might be verified, and crowds, no doubt, would hasten to enrol themselves members of his deposit bank. But, since we cannot produce so great a national good, since we cannot, in the room of dull, morose, and illiberal minded men, place the parochial police of the kingdom in hands worthy to have the management of so important a branch of our domestic economy, we may be allowed to hesitate, knowing in what hands it now is, and

that in many of its vital points Mr. Colquhoun does not wish it removed from them, before we can venture to sanction the changes he recommends.

If in commerce it be a true axiom, what the merchants of Paris said to the great Colbert, *let us alone*, it is perhaps not less true with regard to the poor. But this is impossible in a country like this, where the poor laws are interwoven with the very fabric of the constitution, and any essential modification of them must, more or less, vary the condition of every individual in the state. With us, the poor have been bred and educated under a certain system for a long series of years; the feelings and habits, resulting from that system, form a part of their character, which could not be shaken off without considerable effort; and it merits a serious pause, before we proceed, to inquire whether there be not some danger, at the present moment, of introducing any great change into the system upon which we have acted hitherto, and under which we have flourished, since the days of Elizabeth. The Catholic question, which has deprived the nation of the services of some of the most able statesmen in the kingdom (would to God the mischief had stopped there), and seated some of the weakest and most inefficient in their places, is, we conceive, scarcely of so much importance as that which relates to the pauper population of England. The Catholics, who could have benefited by the indulgence of the legislature, are but few in numbers, while the poor, who are the objects of the present discussion, are the strength and sinews of the land; and, if they decay, the Monarchy, the Aristocracy, and the Commons must naturally perish.

We have before stated our dislike of Mr. Colquhoun's fondness for a vigorous police. Government, it is true, in modern times is a complicated machine, and our multifarious system of finance has not a little added to its intricacy. The most objectionable of our laws are those, perhaps, which relate to the collection or security of the national revenues, and of these too the police is the most rigorous and summary; but, judging from these laws, which Englishmen cheerfully submit too from a consciousness of their necessity, who would wish to see them extended, or the preventive system, which Mr. Colquhoun contends for, established in the place of the laws which are already in being?

In the condition of the poor of England there is much for benevolence to sympathize with, and much for wisdom to improve, but we do not wish to see the feelings of the indigent of our countrymen lightly or incautiously sported with; and we again earnestly recommend, whatever may be determined on respecting this important subject, that the prejudices of the poor may be looked to, as well as the amelioration of their condition, and that the speculations of well meaning philantrophist may not out run the bounds of sober judgment and calm enquiry.

ALL THE TALENTS! A SATIRICAL POEM, IN THREE DIALOGUES.

BY POLYPUS.

THE object of the pamphlet before us, which is a professed, but intolerably tame and feeble, imitation of the *Pursuits of Literature*, is to ridicule the late ministers, who, if we are to believe this author, arrogated to themselves all the *wit, vigour, weight, and talents* of the country. The late ministers have more than once disclaimed these lofty pretensions, but it is sufficient for the purpose of the satirist, that they have been imputed to them, whether by friends or enemies, he scorns to enquire.

Had we to consider only the merits of the present pamphlet, we should have consigned it in silence to those dealers in literature who purchase dullness by the weight; but as somehow or other, without possessing a single atom of genius, wit, or invention, in short, being a luminous specimen of no talents at all, this work has excited no inconsiderable share of public notice, we shall, to satisfy the curiosity of our readers, who may not have had the misery of toiling through our author's pages, select a fair specimen of the writer's candour, ability, and critical acumen.

SCRIBLERUS.

" Now long live Sh-r-d-n* ! a nobler man,
" Heav'n never made since first the world be-
" gan."

POLYPUS.

" Fix'd thoughts on Sh-r-d-n tis vain to seek,
" Who from himself is varying every week;
" And pict'ring like a cloud at close of day,
" Fantastic features never at a stay:
" Where heads of asses or of hogs depose,
" The short-liv'd lip and evanescent nose;
" Where on his throne at Ammon as we stare,
" He turns a monkey and his throne a bear.
" To grasp this Proteus, were to cork in jars
" The fleeting rainbows and the falling stars."

Reader there is more of this, but we will not insult thy patience with the farrago of nonsense and scurrility that follows.

Dismissing Mr. Sh-r-d-n, not in very courtly strains, as the specimen above quoted may serve to prove, the Whig Club, Mr. Windham, General Doyle, and, above all, Mr. Whitbread next comes in for a share of our author's abuse. Lord

" M-lv-lle, poor man! consigned to party pique,
" Deferr'd the fate of nations for a week.
" Justice, turn'd scholar, chang'd her vulgar plan,
" And just like Hebrew from the end began;"
" *First* found the culprit guilty, tried him *next*,
" And from *Amen* preach'd backward to the
" text,
" So crabs advance by retrograde degrees,
" And salmon drift tail foremost to the seas!
" To vex the *Scotchman* answered ev'ry end;
" Unhappy in his servant and his friend."

The wisest way for the friends of Lord Melville to act would be, for them to let that noble Lord remain in the obscurity to which, as if by mutual consent, it was agreed, in Mr. Pitt's time, that he should be consigned. The Tenth Report is not yet out of the recollection of the public—why revive the subject? Is it to the credit or honour of that nobleman, for whose talents, however, we feel respect, that he was acquitted by his Peers through something like a flaw in his indictment? Why hold him out as a mirror of political purity? or as the victim of personal ingratitude? Our reason, we must confess, halts at such exhibitions; the case of Lord Melville underwent a thorough examination, and neither that Noble Lord, nor his friends, have any reason to refer, as a matter of congratulation to the Tenth Report, or to the proceedings which were instituted in consequence of it.

Of the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, to whose financial labours we gladly offered our tribute of applause at the time when they came under our notice, this flippant and angry writer thus speaks:

" Ah, poor P-tty! true—
" I once had hope the little lad might do.
" But P-tty ne'er a prodigy will prove;
" Ne'er burn the Thames, or make the tide
" remove.
" Once the smart boy, (as daily papers tell)
" *Perform'd* a pretty speech extremely well;
" Then seiz'd th' Exchequer—feeble and unfit;
" But * All the Talents hop'd another Pitt."

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* " I own I pity Mr. Sh-r-d-n, because he really *does* possess some good qualities; and because I know that his way of life often costs him a bitter pang. Yet it is to be feared he will never amend it. Perhaps there is not in human nature an object more deplorable than the man of genius sacrificing the choicest gift of his God to indolence and dissipation.

" Nature intended Mr. Sh-r-d-n for a mere writer of farces. As to political *opinions*, I believe him absolutely incapable of forming any. The man never had a rule of conduct in his life. A perfect epicurean in Politics, he looks not beyond the deed of to-day; and all that I am astonished at is, that in his hasty decisions he should never do right *by a blunder*. Yet I must acquit him of premeditated error. He never begins to reflect till urged by some sudden impulse of ambition, or vanity, or interest. No cold reason for Mr. Sh-r-d-n. Lull but his passions, and the little babe that sobs itself silent is not more harmless than he. Thus his entire character consists in reconciling extremes. We pity his impotence when we do not despise his temerity; and we see, with surprise, that his judgment must be blinded by the passions before it can act with effect."

* " *All the talents hop'd another Pitt*] *Dissimiles hic vir et ille puer*, however Lord Henry labours hard to be a great man, but he has not the necessary ingredients. The old Talents thought it expedient to astonish the nation with a young little Talent of their own begetting, so cried up poor P-tty to the skies. But, alas! we find they called him clever just as people say a hare has wings—for *convenience* sake."

Lord S-dm--th, Sir Fr-nc-s B-rd-tt, Messrs. P--ll and C-bb-tt, next come in for a large share of our authors abuse, nor do the poets M--re, P-yne Kn-ght, Ch-rry, and Sc-tt, escape castigation. The tribute of praise to Lord M--ra is just, but we hardly think that noble Lord will feel much gratification at seeing himself complimented at the expence of his late colleagues.

"I honour M--ra; him no lust to rule,
"Makes Fortune's votarist, or party's tool.
"Foe to no sect, alike belov'd by all
"He fears no venom for he knows no gall.
"Prompt to lull feuds and passion to compose,
"Yet from his tongue no adulation flows.
"Ardent in arms and apt in arts of peace,
"He heaps up honours with a large increase,
"Fame is his spur, and Virtue is his guide,
"Let guilty glory snatch at all beside."

Our Author is furnished by a "*learned friend*" with a note in which he conjectures the "Pursuits of Literature" to have been written by Mr. Mitford, the brother of Lord Redesdale, and author of the History of Greece. His reasons, for this conjecture, are similitude of style, and the fact, that in the Pursuits of Literature no mention is made either of Mr. Mitford's Greece amongst all the publications of the day, or of his brother Lord Redesdale amongst all the public characters. The conjecture is not unplausible, but we hardly think it sufficiently strong to strip Mr. M-th-s of the honour or disgrace of that celebrated performance. The author then, with ludicrous self importance, proceeds:

"As for myself, every body who pleases may try to unkennel me. Every body has a right. But I shall also beg leave to exercise my right upon the occasion, and

——*Ille*
Qui me commorit (melius non tangere clamo)
Flebit, et insignis tota cantabitur *urbe.*
HOR.

We can assure the author for ourselves, that we shall not attempt to *unkennel* him; and we fervently hope, that in the course of our critical labours this is the last time we shall have to toil through such a mass of dullness and malignity.

ELIJAH'S MANTLE: A POEM.

A PARTY squib of the same political complexion as the preceding article, but written with more spirit, and less malignity. The lines to Mr. Windham and Lord Henry Petty afford a fair specimen of the work, and cannot be displeasing to those who hold the memory of Mr. Pitt in veneration.

"WINDHAM, if ere thy sorrows flow
"For private loss or public woe,
"Thy rigid brow unbend:
"Tears over CÆSAR, BRUTUS shed,
"His hatred warr'd not with the dead—
"And PITT was once thy friend.

"Does envy bid thee not to mourn?
"Hold then his mantle up to scorn,
"His well earn'd fame assail;
"Of fun'ral honours strip his corse,
"And at his virtues till thou'st hoarse,
"Like curst THERSITES rail!

"Illustrious Roscius of the State!
"New breech'd and harness'd for debate,
"Thou wonder of the age!
"PETTY or BETTY art thou hight,
"By Granta sent to strut thy night
"On Stephen's bustling stage?

"PITT's Chequer robe 'tis thine to wear:
"Take of his Mantle too a share,
"'Twill aid thy ways and means;
"And should fat Jack and his Cabal
"Cry, "rob us the Exchequer, Hal!"
"'Twill charm away the fiends."

The Lines to Lords Howick and Sidmouth are likewise strongly conceived and forcibly expressed; and the apostrophe to the shade of Mr. Pitt is poetical:

"Yes, honour'd shade; whilst near thy grave,
"The letter'd sage, and chieftain brave,
"The votive marble claim;
"O'er thy cold corse the public tear,
"Congeal'd a chrystal shrine shall rear,
"Unsullied as thy fame."

This pamphlet is well printed, but as it only contains 13 pages we think the publisher might have afforded it at a more reasonable price than a shilling. A quarter part of that sum would have been a fair remuneration for the bookseller; but if the taste of the public is so vicious that requires to be gratified by libels in the shape of political pamphlets, it is, perhaps, as well that they should be made to *pay for them.*

ADMISSION OF PAPISTS TO HOLD CERTAIN COMMISSIONS IN THE ARMY, &c.

The Substance of Mr. Deputy Birch's Speech in Common Council, March 5, 1807.

The Substance of a Speech delivered by Mr. Edward Quin, in the Court of Common Council, at the Guildhall of the City of London, on Thursday, March 5, 1807, against the Motion proposed by Mr. Deputy Birch.

THERE is a ripeness of judgment in some men that outstrips the opinion of the age in which they live, and exposes them to the persecution of their less enlightened contemporaries. Wicliff and Jerome of Prague, and Galileo are instances of this. The two former were the precursers of Luther in his glorious scheme of reformation, but they lived in an age too dark and barbarous for their refined speculations, and both of them atoned by their deaths for their boldness in propagating doctrines unsuitable to the spirit of the times in which they lived. The Italian philosopher, it is well known, was confined in the dungeons of the inquisition, for maintaining the same theory of the earth's motion, which Sir Isaac Newton afterwards established, and, which, without any injury to the interests of revealed religion, is the received opinion, at the present day, of all the divines of Europe. There are other men, who may be said to be born a century behind their contemporaries, or, in other words, that their opinions do not keep pace with the diffusion of knowledge in their age.

Under this aspect, while we entertain the highest respect for their conscientious scruples, we must freely confess we regard those individuals who, within the last few weeks, have made so eminent a figure in the political world, by their strenuous opposition to any further extension of the privileges of our happy and glorious constitution being granted to our Catholic brethren. We regard this prejudice against the Catholics, as the prejudice of an age which has gone by, and no less unsuitable to the mild and liberal temper of the present times, than it is impolitic in relation to the feelings of a very considerable part of the strength and population of the empire.

It is under these impressions that we come to the consideration of the pamphlets before us. In the first of them, Mr. Deputy Birch, who has as many occupations as *Scrub*, in the *Beaux Stratagem*, who is, by turns, poet, soldier, orator, and *patissier*, now steps forward the doughty champion of the church and constitution of England. Far be it from us to arraign any man's motives; they are, for the most part, beyond a human tribunal, and unfit subjects for criticism; but it is within the legitimate province of criticism to examine the competency of a man for any investigation he attempts, who throws down the gauntlet of defiance in the form of publication. And we have no hesitation in saying, that, in the present instance, Mr. Birch has stepped far beyond his competency. Whatever effect his oratory produced on the assembly to which it was addressed, it has left us without one ray of conviction of the justice of the cause he advocated. There are some orators, who, in spite of our better judgment, carry us along with them by the force of their eloquence; and, if they do not make us converts to their principles, at least stagger our faith in our own; but to this high class of eloquence, Mr. Birch's pretensions are meagre indeed. He has not only failed to shake a single opinion we before entertained, but his arguments, if the little that his pamphlet contains deserve that name, have served to root us more strongly in the opinions we previously entertained.

If it be asked, what are our opinions on a subject which of late has occupied so much of the public mind? we answer, not to allude to living authorities, the same with those of some of the best and greatest men of the age, who have gone before us; the same which Sir George Saville and Mr. Burke contended for, and, in support of which, those illustrious statesmen, Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox forgot, or suspended, their rival animosities. That Mr. Birch, or any other obscure individual should differ in sentiment from these great men can excite no surprise, but that they should be supported in their black letter, obsolete fears, and narrow minded jealousies, by such respectable bodies as the Common Council of the city of London, awakens at once, we must acknowledge, both our astonishment and our chagrin.

Still we are happy to find, that there are individuals whom the present fanatical delusion does not appear to have reached. Of this class

is Mr. Quin, the author of the second pamphlet. He is attached to the Protestant establishment, but he is willing to extend to the Catholics a fellowship of rights. In a very able and argumentative speech, he contends for the policy of admitting the Catholics fairly and fully within the pale of the constitution, and for consolidating the strength of the empire, by holding forth encouragement to individuals, of every religious persuasion, to step forward, at the present crisis, in its defence. This is the language of every enlightened and rational politician, and we must express our sincere regret that it had not more weight in the place where it was delivered. "The Catholics," according to Mr. Quin, and we heartily concur with him, "are "indivisible from their Protestant brethren in "their good wishes, in their loyalty, and in "their patriotism; they are indivisible in a "community of sacrifices, of labours, and of "dangers, why should they be divided and set "apart in civil and political rights?"

The conclusion of the worthy deputy's speech is well deserving the attention of all who, at the present period, may think themselves peculiarly called upon to support the present Ministers:—"I shall conclude," says he, "with "imploring the eloquent Deputy (Mr. Birch) "and those gentlemen who may be inclined to "support him, not to place themselves at this "enlightened period in a descending, but an "ascending scale; not to be instrumental in re-"viving the prejudices and bigotries of former "times. Let me conjure them not to sit in in-"quisition on the consciences of their fellow "creatures and countrymen; not to carry the "spirit of religious and political persecution "into the temple of that God, whose service is "perfect freedom."

THE STRANGER IN AMERICA:

Containing Observations made during a long Residence in that Country, on the Genius, Manners, and Customs of the People of the United States; with Biographical Particulars of Public Characters: Hints relative to the Arts, Sciences, Commerce, Agriculture, Manufactures, Emigration, and the Slave Trade.

BY CHARLES WILLIAM JANSON, ESQ.

LATE OF THE STATE OF RHODE ISLAND, COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

IT frequently happens, when a work appears with a singular, or what, in the bookseller's phrase is "a taking" title, that an industrious race of authors adopt it as their own, and in a short time the press groans with imitations. Thus the "Miseries of Human Life" brought forth "More Miseries," and, what was worse, brought "Comforts" too: Mr. Surr's novel of the "Winter in London" produced a "Summer at Brighton," a "Winter *at* Bath," and a "Winter *in* Bath;" and in a similar way we apprehend, the "Stranger in Ireland" has given birth to the "Stranger in America." In cases of this nature the public, we believe, are the greatest sufferers, for having been pleased with the first work, they are easily allured to the reading of a second, by the invitation of a similar title, but generally lay them aside through lassitude or disgust.

There is a great impropriety too in the present writer calling himself a "Stranger in America," when in his preface he informs us that he resided more than thirteen years in that country, made purchases of land, and, it appears, from his title page, was a counsellor at law of the State of Rhode Island. If length of residence be not, the two last are clearly characteristics of citizenship; and, therefore, we conceive that Mr. Janson, with much more propriety, might have styled himself a citizen of America, than a stranger.

Dismissing this impropriety, we proceed to the consideration of the work itself. Mr. Janson appears to have embarked for the United States with strong prepossessions in favour of the American people; but these not being realized, and disappointments of one kind or other occurring to him during his residence on that continent, he soon changed his first opinion of the Americans, and, with very few exceptions, treats them with great severity throughout his whole volume. Many anecdotes occur in this volume which we have seen in preceeding works, but as our author's ob-

ject was to exhibit a complete picture of American manners, the introduction of them, perhaps, could not very well be avoided. As a specimen of Mr. Janson's style, we select his description of an American landlord in the interior of the country.

"Arrived at your inn, let me suppose, like "myself, you had fallen in with a landlord, "who, at the moment, would condescend to "*take the trouble* to procure you refreshment "after the family hour, and that no *pig*, or "other trifling circumstance, called off his at- "tention, he will sit by your side, and enter "in the most familiar manner into conversa- "tion; which is prefaced, of course, with a "demand of your business and so forth. He "will then start a political question (for here "every individual is a politician) force your "answer, contradict, deny, and, finally, be "ripe for a quarrel, should you not acquiesce "in all his opinions. When the homely meal "is served up, he will often place himself "opposite to you at the table, at the same time "declaring, that though he thought he had "eaten a hearty dinner, yet he will pick a bit "with you! Thus he will sit, drinking out of "your glass, and of the liquor you are to pay "for, belching in your face, and committing "other excesses still more indelicate and dis- "gusting. Perfectly inattentive to your ac- "commodation, and regardless of your appe- "tite, he will dart his fork into the best of the "dish, and leave you to take the next cut. If "you arrive at the dinner-hour, you are seated "with "mine hostess" and her dirty children, "with whom you have often to scramble for "a plate, and even the servants of the inn; "for liberty and equality level all ranks upon "the road, from the host to the hostler. The "children, imitative of their free and polite "papa, will also seize your drink, slob- "ber in it, and often snatch a dainty bit from "your plate. This is esteemed wit, and "consequently provokes a laugh, at the ex- "pence of those who are paying for the board. "No check must be given to these demonstra- "tions of unsophisticated nature; for the "smallest rebuke will bring down a severe "animadversion from the parent. Many are "the instances that could be pointed out, "where the writer has undergone these morti- "fications, and if Mr. Winterbottom * has "ever travelled in the country parts of the "United States, he can, if he pleases, attest "the truth of these observations."

We recommend our author's hints on emigration to the serious attention of every person, who may feel disposed to leave Great Britain or Ireland for the purpose of seeking an establishment in America.

The engravings which embellish this work are well executed, and, we have every reason to believe, correct delineations of the places they are designed to represent.

* Mr. Winterbottom, we believe, was never in America; his history of that country was written in Newgate, while under confinement for a seditious sermon.—*Note of the Editor.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO LADY C. J.

FROM HER MONKEY, ON HIS BANISHMENT FOR TEARING A LEAF OUT OF A BOOK, REQUESTING THAT ENGLAND MIGHT BE THE PLACE OF EXILE.—WRITTEN AT ST. PHILLIPS, IN MINORCA, 1774, BY THE PRESENT LORD ERSKINE, THEN AN OFFICER IN THE ROYALS.

The humble petition of sorrowful Peter,
With submission set forth as follows in metre.

I think, if I'm rightly informed of the crime
For which I am banished, it seems thus in rhyme:
For tearing of books, for mischief and stealing,
And tricks of all kinds, from the ground to the ceiling.
As mankind pretend to be govern'd by laws,
I claim a just right to be heard in my cause,
Which I ground upon reason and wrap up in rhyme,
Altho' not the practice of courts in our time;
For, in law, I must say, tho' perhaps not in season,
That trials are often without rhyme or reason,
All culprits are punished, if Lord Coke says true,
Not for love of revenge, but for harm that they do;

On this common maxim my pleadings I found,
And the crime that I'm charged with must fall to the ground.
There ne'er was a book yet, I'll be bound to engage,
Above all in our days, but might well spare a page;
And the public, as well as most authors, might look
With smiles on a Monkey devouring a book;
'Tis as well for a volume, I'll venture my oath,
To be eat by an Ape, as a Critic or moth;
And then, as to reading, all wits have confessed it,
You never can profit, unless you digest it;
And Monkeys and Men, from the North to the South,
Can only digest what they put in their mouth.
Much more might be said, if I chose to enlarge,
But I'd rather proceed to the rest of my charge:
To blame me for mischief, and tax me for stealing,
Is surely a want of all reason and feeling;
For nature, who ripens the figs and the grapes,
Is not nearer related to man than to Apes:
'Tis because they are stronger, they seize upon all,
And the weakest, its certain, must go to the wall;
But the fair teeming Earth, our bountiful Mother,
Loves Peter as dearly as Adam his brother:
As to tricks of all kinds, of which I'm accus'd,
I deny they are tricks, and protest I'm abus'd;
Equip'd as I am, in my shabby old grey,
I dare not adventure what fine folks might say;
Each pitiful, ignorant, gingerbread varlet,
Each ape at eighteen, in his gold lace and scarlet,
Has a right, to be sure, on all subjects to chatter,
Tho' Peter, perhaps, may know more of the matter;
Could Peter (I speak with respect and submission)
By some lucky chance get an Ensign's commission.
I see you all laughing—but titter away,
I'm not the first Monkey was such I dare say;
'Tis no such great matter to play well at cards,
And I think I should soon be the *ton* in the Guards;
I'm fit for all duties, except a Court Martial!
There, my likeness to man might make me too partial;
As to height, to be sure, I confess I'm not tall,
But Ancram's scarce taller that parades thro' the hall;
And a rag from Miss Brace, or my tail in a queue,
Would soon all the hearts of the ladies subdue.
What might not be done with my dress, air, and shape,
When the fashion at Court is to look like an Ape?
What challenges, duels, what quarrels and slaughters,
What tears would be shed over spouses and daughters?
What group's fill'd with anguish and rivals forlorn,
Would wish, in despair, I had never been born?
Tho' faith to my shame, I'm afraid I should see,
Five hundred of much greater Monkeys than me,
And mad for some fair one might steel forth to meet her,
And find her eloping with some other Peter;
Yet spite of these rubs I should have the renown,
To be one of the finest young fellows in town;
Then if exile's my fate, I implore with a tear,
To be shipp'd off for England, for there is my sphere:
If to this last request you start no objection,
My cousin, Tom Erskine, has pledg'd his protection;
I suppose, like the Scotch, on account of connection.

SONNET.

WRITTEN FROM WINDSOR CASTLE, TO A FRIEND ON HIS VOYAGE TO THE WEST INDIES.

From these *proud* towers, whilst Friendship's wishes stray
To where *thy* bark the Western billows lave;
May gentler breezes round her pinnace play,
And softer murmurs swell the rising wave.

Breath'd in the freshness of the moonlight gale,
Whilst round thy cabin fairy visions rove;
Or, listening as the *sea boy's* whisper'd tale,
Wakes the warm impulse of *remember'd love*,

O! may they meet thee in that pensive hour,
Sacred to *cherish'd* thoughts and *sympathy*:
Steal to thine ear 'midst evening's balmy pow'r,
The gentle heralds of esteem to thee.

Born on that breeze, may *blending wishes* form,
Memory's strong tye, and Friendship's *stronger charm*,

M. C.

A MADAME LA DUCHESSE DE C.

Les yeux *bleux*, toujours delicats,
Ne lance qu'une douce flame;
Leurs rayons ne vont qu'à deux pas,
Les yeux *noirs* vont au fond de l'âme.
Pour bien aimer, pour y bien voir,
Le bleu doit le ceder au noir.

Malgré qu' Amour porte un flambeau,
Nous croyons tous, qu'il n'y voit goute;
S'il voit à travers son bandeau;
C'est que ses yeux sont noirs sans doute,
Prenez Lisitbe, prenez votre miroir,
Vous verrez que son œil est noir.

Plus serieux, et plus radieux,
Les yeux noires brillent davantage;
Les bleux ont la couleur des cieux,
Mais ils ont aussi leurs nuages;
L'œil noir, d'accord avec le cœur,
Promit et peint mieux le bonheur.

L'œil bleu moins beau dans les douleurs,
Se laisse obscurcir par les larmes;
Mais un œil noir mouillé de pleurs,
A plus de feu, a plus de charmes;
Il a le don de s'embellir,
Par la *tristesse*, ou le *plaisir*.

Vous qui chantez pour les yeux bleux,
Nymphe modeste, autant que belles,
Votre voix plaide mieux pour eux,
Mais votre œil noir parle contr'elle.
Il faut, pour oublier l'œil noir,
Vous *entendre* et ne pas *vous voir*.

THE FOLLOWING VERSES WERE ADDRESSED TO A LADY WHO WAS PRESENT AT THE FIRST REPRESENTATION OF THE "HONEYMOON."

IN this picture so strange, where the author displays
That Honeymoon best for a wife,
How delightful the sketch which his pencil pourtrays,
To make her *obedient for life*.

The hint, if pursu'd by the *Beaux* of the day,
A lesson enchanting will prove,
That watch-word of Hymen's so fatal "Obey"
First drove from his altars young *Love*.

The Urchin, thus exil'd, disgrac'd and dismay'd,
And expell'd from his empire, the heart;
Long since has return'd to the Paphian shade,
To weep o'er a pow'rless dart.

Reproofs, dreaded Truth, if convey'd with a smile,
May waken Conviction's mild tear;
E'en Folly of all her illusions beguile,
And make the reprover more dear.

But a bridegroom so monstrous! in pity ye fair
Who *are* brides, or henceforth *may be*,
Maintain all our rights that to females are dear,
And be rul'd by a smile or be *free!*

Thy eyes, gentle maid, where so softly's confest,
Thou wilt ne'er want a lesson like this,
Shall prove this best truth, that in *blessing* were blest,
And that Cupid's own Honeymoon's this.

ADDRESS TO A SIGH.

GO, tender sigh, on sportive zephyrs borne,
Through purest ether to my Emma go,
And, faintly whisp'ring, tell her how opprest,
Within the prison of my painful breast,
Thou lab'ring panted, e'er I let thee flow:

And O! acquaint her, how my bosom glows
With all the fervor of life's purest flame;
How that my eyes in silent anguish swell,
While on my tongue the falt'ring accents dwell,
That give thee freedom, as they breathe her name.

Perhaps the maid by soft compassion mov'd,
Won by thy piteous tale, may take thee in,
And entertain thee kindly for my sake—
And who can tell, but sympathy may wake,
Her heart's best chord, and vibrate all within?

But should'st thou draw from Emma's beaming eye,
To stain her rosy cheek—one lucid tear,
Close in my hollow breast, I will constrain,
Each fond emotion stifled to remain,
Nor let thy wand'rings wound her virgin ear.

Go, then, soft breath, while Phœbus radiant throws,
His purple glories o'er the Western sky,
And thro' the foliage of the roseate bow'r,
Where Emma seeks a calm sequester'd hour,
In mournful cadence to my sorrows sigh.

Some latent spark, perchance, may lay conceal'd,
That waits thy breath to fan the timid flame;
Haste, then, and bear my fondest wish to her;
And should she make thee love's soft messenger,
I'll bid thee whisper what I fear to name.

But, if relentless to my dearest hopes,
The maid refuse to hear thy tender moan,
My breaking heart will sink beneath its grief,
While ev'ry breeze that waves the pensile leaf,
Shall sigh I liv'd for her—and her alone!

THE VIOLET AND THE ZEPHYR,

ADDRESSED TO JULIA A——.

PARCH'D by the potent sun's meridian ray,
Each tender flow'ret's blushing charms had flown,
No breeze refreshing fann'd the sultry day,
And ev'ry plant in silence seem'd to moan.

One lovely violet pining 'midst the glade,
Her tender voice to Zephyr, thus address'd:
"Why, cruel wanton, stray to yonder shade,
And leave thy suppliant's pray'er still unredress'd?

"In vain soft show'rs my feeble stalk bedew,
The pitying Morn bestows her tears in vain,
My glowing tints assume a languid hue,
Come sweetly breathe, and mitigate my pain:

"Yon lurid clouds the coming storm presage,
My slender stem will shrink before the blast,
'Tis you alone my anguish can assuage,
O! hover round me 'till the storm be past."

Vain are the sighs that heave her lovely breast,
Who comes to seek me in the gay parterre,
No more by charms distinguish'd from the rest,
She seeks in vain—for ah! I am not there!

The Zephyr—you, my Julia,—I, the flow'r,
Alas! unheeded, heave the pleading sigh,
And, struggling under fortune's cruel pow'r,
Thus, like the vi'let, sicken, droop, and die!

FINE ARTS.

ON MR. BULLOCK'S MODEL FOR A MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF LORD NELSON.

SOME time back the inhabitants of Liverpool, highly to their honour, entered into a liberal subscription, for the purpose of embellishing that town with a naval monument, to the memory of the gallant and heroic Nelson.—Artists were accordingly invited to send their designs to a committee of the subscribers appointed to decide upon their respective merits, and to select the model which, to their judgment, should appear best calculated to meet the intention of the subscribers. It is by competition alone, excited by the stimulus of reward, that the arts can be fostered, and matured into perfection; and as we cannot hope to see this effected by the munificence of private individuals, we rejoice to see so opulent a body as the inhabitants of Liverpool nobly stepping forward to adorn the second commercial emporium of the kingdom with a tribute to the memory of Nelson worthy the splendour of his achievements.

We have been favoured with the sight of Mr. George Bullock's design for this monument, through the medium of the engraver who is to execute the plate, which we do not hesitate to pronounce the most spirited and appropriate in its composition, the most correct and chaste in its allusions, and the most striking in its general effect, of any of the models we have hitherto seen designed to commemorate the exploits of this great commander. It is in fact what the model of a monument for a British admiral ought to be—British.

The artist represents Lord Nelson standing on a pedestal, in a firm and decided attitude, the union flag and the anchor are introduced as the distinguishing marks of his profession, and, at the same time, pointing out the means by which his fame and glory were acquired. The pedestal on which the hero stands is encircled with a double coil of British cable resting on the plinth, forming a base to the pedestal, and enriched by the representation in *bas-relief* of his four principal engagements, viz. St. Vincent, the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar; four figures of Victory, whose hands are united with crowns of laurel, suspended over each battle, are the supporters of this column, representing an unbroken chain of splendid victories. The cornice of the column is composed of leaves of British oak; on the subplinth are seated four nautical figures, emblematical of the four great battles fought, and the enemy each time defeated. The body of the subplinth is enriched with the heads of the four ships on board which these brilliant exploits were achieved, at once perpetuating the glory of the British navy, and the ships by which its glory was confirmed. The heads of the men of war are to be *fac similes* of the ships which bore Lord Nelson's flag in each action;

A MONUMENT to the MEMOR

to be erected in the Area of the New

of LORD NELSON.

Exchange Buildings Liverpool.

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MAY

conveying to posterity the identity of the individual vessels which contributed to fix the fame of the hero on an immutable foundation. The whole is erected on a mural base, guarded by four lions *couchant*, emblematical of the indigenous and native valour of Great Britain, forming the grand bulwark to the whole, and intimating, that courage is the sure guide to naval glory. On the projecting sides of the mural base, in raised bronze letters, appears a description of each battle, and of every ship engaged, together with that of its opponent, and on the front the sum total of the vessels taken and destroyed, by which each captain's name becomes enrolled with that of his ship, and is handed down to future ages, together with that of his beloved and lamented chief.

This monument is designed to be placed in an encircled quadrangle, containing 1500 feet of water, to be supplied by pipes, which can easily be brought to feed the resevoir, appearing to issue from four heads, placed in the intermediate spaces of the mural base, representing the four great and principal rivers of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, as contributing to commerce, and promoting that naval exertion, on the cultivation of which the maritime power and prosperity of the country so materially depend. The circle is encompassed by a correct imitation of boarding netting, illuminated by ship's lanterns; the whole forming an enriched naval pillar, of an order almost new, yet strictly conforming to the rules of Corinthian architecture in all its dimensions, and possessing the peculiar recommendation of being indebted to *no foreign or adventitious ornament* for its support. *No heathen mythology* is introduced into this composition, nor any *foreign attribute*. The artist has aimed to erect a nautical monument with *British materials*, such as shall at once tell the history of that hero, whom Britons still lament, and convey to posterity a plain unvarnished tale of *British courage, fortitude*, and *glory*. If we have succeeded in conveying to our readers an idea of Mr. Bullock's grand and masterly design, we believe they will agree with us that it is more appropriate, or, in other words, more truly British than any of the models which we have before had occasion to notice. The artist has confined himself strictly to his subject. Nothing is introduced which does not tend to the illucidation of his story, and the idea of making the heads of the ships *fac similes* of the men of war, which carried the victorious flag of Lord Nelson in his different engagements, cannot be too much commended. This is giving a monument, what it ought to have, the soberness of historical truth. Nothing can be conceived more ridiculous than the impropriety into which some artists have fallen, of representing the British Admiral standing on the prow of a Roman galley, or adorning his monument with the beaks of triremes, in imitation of the *rostral* columa at Rome. Besides, the heads of our ships of war are frequently most exquisite and tasteful pieces of sculpture. We have seen the head of the Victory, and we can scarcely conceive any object which could form a more beautiful ornament for a piece of colossal statuary. The heads of the other ships in which this great man fought, the Captain, the Vanguard, and the Elephant, are, we dare say, equally highly finished and beautiful, and, together, cannot fail to form a most interesting and impressive group. While such materials as these are at hand, and while their merit and individuality must strike every observer of taste, we are surprised that any artist should be found so enamoured of the antique as to crowd the tomb of a British Admiral with Greek and Roman engines of war. The heralds, a race of men with whom much taste cannot be supposed to reside, seem in the very instance of this noble commander to have been aware of the folly of giving ancient armorial symbols to a modern warrior, and therefore, very properly, they give him for supporters to his arms two sailors; and for his crest a respresentation of the St. Joseph, one of the ships captured by him on the 14th of February, 1794.

Mr. George Bullock proposes for his monument artificial stone, being more durable, in this climate, than marble, and he calculates the expence at the sum of eight thousand pounds. We, however, are inclined to be of opinion, that it would add to the beauty of the whole if the statue of Lord Nelson were executed in bronze, and, in point of expence, the difference would be inconsiderable.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE THEATRE.

DRURY-LANE.

THE writer of this article must again submit to the deplorable task of recording insipidity and flatness, must again lament the unfortunate circumstances that have brought poor old Drury to her present grievous predicament. Whether it be the mismanagement of the persons who conduct this Theatre, or the worthlessness of the pieces produced that has brought the house to its present condition, it is not easy to determine; but we must say, that we scarcely ever remember a season in which so little has been done for the gratification of the public, and in which the audiences have consequently been so thin. The period when benefits take place is now very near at hand, and much more than is agreeable, novel, or striking, cannot be expected in the course of this season. And what is the remembered satisfaction that is to make us amends for our prospective blank?—Why, the recollection of two or three dull comedies deservedly damned, and of an opera, not without some merit, undeservedly withdrawn: so much for the full pieces: and, by way of lighter entertainment, we have had a stupid pantomime, called *the Enchanters*; a ballet, not much more agreeable, entitled *Emily*; and a piece called the *Young Hussar*, from the remembrance of which, we even now are smarting in retrospective agony. The only instance of literary merit has been *the Curfew*: a piece which, however, did not suit the taste of the town, and which was, consequently, withdrawn after a few nights. *Tekeli* succeeded: but one of the two great Theatres of this metropolis is sunk and degraded most deeply indeed, if its reputation for a whole winter is to stand upon a translation, from a piece, originally acted at one of the Boulevard Theatres in Paris. The fact is, that the only successful and original author, who composes for Drury-Lane, is Mr. Alexander Johnston, the machinist: but as long as a Theatre continues to lie in such hands as those which now manœuvre Drury-Lane, it never can meet the approbation of the public, and, consequently, can never fill the pockets of the proprietors. If a good piece were sent by any imprudent and unknown wight to Drury-Lane Theatre, it would never be *read* through, ten to one it might be *lost*: And, indeed, no good author likes to send a play to a Theatre, where he knows of no responsible person. For who is, in fact, the Manager of Drury-Lane Theatre? Mr. Wroughton is the Acting Manager; and, like some military officers of distinguished rank, pays more attention to discipline than to extended systems, endeavours to secure the quiet of the stage at a rehearsal, and omits to consider whether the piece in rehearsal be worth rehearsing or not. But who is the principal person? Mr. Sheridan, are you the leading man in Drury-Lane? Oh no, sir, I gave it all up to my son Tom.—But what makes you busy yourself about the Theatre now, if you have no longer any concern in it?—Oh, I'm like the tallow-chandler retired from business, who, nevertheless, came regularly to the shop on *melting-days*. I write orders now. Mr. Graham, are you the leading man? Dear me, sir! I! oh lord no! I am a justice of the peace by trade, and I only manage Drury-Lane Theatre for my amusement; but I write orders.—Mr. Peake, are you the person?—No, sir, I am only treasurer: but I write orders for some people, and refuse them to others; that's all my occupation in the Theatre.—All your occupation! why, I thought sir, you said a moment ago, that you were the Treasurer!—Yes, sir, but that has been a sinecure of late. How happens that?—Indeed, sir, it is not my fault—you must ask the Board of Management.—Oh! there is a power somewhere then, is there?—Oh no, sir, that's only a name: there is no real business done, or to be done, by the Board of Management; but they can give orders.—But what powers have the Trustees under that settlement which was made five years ago with the creditors of the Theatre?—Oh! they can give orders.—I think I begin to understand: then the people who take the lead in this Theatre are paid for letting the public come in for nothing?—Why, sir, all men in high situations are paid for taking the troubles of patronage upon their shoulders.—Very true, Mr. Peake—you are not only an able writer of orders, but a very pretty political satirist! But I wonder you don't contrive, among so many managers, to get somebody that can write something better than orders—a good piece for instance.—Why, sir, we have got a great many very great wits.

—It's a pity these wits don't hit a little more strongly, Mr. Peake. Let us see who have been your successful authors. Who was the author of *Cinderella*?—Mr. Alexander Johnston—Good: who was the author of the *Caravan*?—Mr. Alexander Johnston—Good again: who was the author of the *Forty Thieves*? Mr. Alexander Johnston.—Clever fellow this: who was the author of the *Sleeping Beauty*?—Mr. Alexander Johnston.—Well, sir, but did Mr. Alexander Johnston ever try his skill in a full piece—in a comedy, for example?—Oh no, sir, that's quite out of his way: one man can't do every thing.—Very true again, Mr. Peake: you are a sound logician, as well as an able writer of orders, and a very pretty political satirist. In short, then, you have no managers?—Yes, sir, Mr. Sheridan, and Mr. Thomas Sheridan, and Mr. Graham, and Mr. Wroughton, and Mr. Shaw, the leader of the band; oh! and the Board of Management, and the Trustees, and the Renters, and——Oh you have quite convinced me, Mr. Peake; but, then, I repeat, if you have such clever managers, why have you no authors?—Dear sir, we have Mr. Dimond, and, sir, we have Mr. Cherry!—Oh you have quite convinced me about that too, Mr. Peake.

So much for Mr. Peake, and his Managers, and his Authors; but it is a little hard, that a man of mechanical genius, great as we allow Mr. Johnston's merit to be, should stand as the cleverest fellow in such a Theatre as Drury-Lane. He has again come before us in a piece called *The Wood Dæmon*, on which we proceed to give a few observations. It was produced on Wednesday, the 1st of April.

The principal *dramatis personæ* are as follows;

Count Hardyknute, Mr. Decamp.
Guelpho, ... Mr. Penley,
Willikind, ... Mr. Dowton.
Leolyn, ... Miss C. Bristow.
The Wood Dæmon, Mr. Montgomery.
Clotilda, ... Mrs. Harlowe.
Una, ... Mrs. H. Siddons.

The Piece begins with a dream, in which *Una* is supposed to see little *Leolyn*, an orphan boy who has been protected by her aunt, about to fall a prey to the *Dæmon of the Wood*. After this vision, she has many long and uninteresting disquisitions with one *Guelpho*, a talkative old steward, with one *Willikind*, his no less talkative son, and with one *Oswy*, a lover of her's, who takes his departure, discouraged by her preference for *Hardyknute*. The first act is occupied by the nonsense which these people talk, and in the course of which they inform *Una* and the audience, that *Hardyknute*, who has just conquered a giant, is coming home to ask the hand of *Una* herself; and, accordingly, in five minutes his Lordship arrives with the said giant. Little *Leolyn*, who for some reason, we cannot tell what, has been carried off by gypsies, and by some trick, we cannot tell how, has returned from the same gypsies, and to serve some purpose, though we really cannot tell why, is represented to be dumb—this adventurous young person makes his appearance, and the first act ends. In the second act, we are *entertained* with an account, which states that *Leolyn* is the son of the last possessor of *Count Hardyknute's* present estate, and, accordingly, the little fellow's friends are very desirous of keeping him completely out of *Hardyknute's* way. Not without good cause on their parts; for *Hardyknute*, who has somehow got a notion of the young gentleman's existence, very finely takes occasion to throw himself into many horrors, and express multifarious distractions, whenever the name or idea of *Leolyn* comes across him. A *fête* is prepared, in which *Leolyn* is one of the actors, and *Hardyknute* recognises him by the mark of an arrow on the arm. Just at that moment the *Wood Dæmon* makes her *debut*; and hinting to *Hardyknute* that she desires the favour of a few moments private conversation with him, goes up a flight of stairs, followed by the *Count*. The *Count* immediately returns; the back scene opens, and discovers the *Wood-Dæmon's* equipage, consisting of a fiery dragon and harness, which she ascends alone, *Hardyknute* having very ungallantly omitted to hand her to her vehicle: So ends the second act. The third commences with the entrance of *Leolyn* into a bedroom appointed for him by *Hardyknute*; and here, being almost entirely free from the shackles of dialogue, the pantomime genius of Mr. Johnston begins to work. *Hardyknute* enters while *Leolyn* is asleep, mounts the bed, and touching a spring, occasions it to descend through the floor. *Clotilda*, who has seen the entrance of *Hardyknute*, has given the alarm, and *Una* enters during the *Count's* subterranean absence, in order to search for *Leolyn*. *Hardyknute* returns, and lays upon the table a key, which he states to be that under which *Leolyn* is secured in a cavern below. For this key, *Una* contrives, in the darkness of the apartment, to substitute the key of the chamber-door, which false key *Hardyknute* accordingly carries off. The pictures of *Ruric* and *Alexina*, father and mother of *Leolyn*, come down from their

frames, and point out to *Una* the spring by which the bed will descend. She accordingly mounts the bed, and lets herself down into the cavern below. *Oswy* returns and sings a song. Then we are presented with a view of the cavern: and, just as *Una* has unchained *Leolyn*, *Hardyknute* appears behind, yet not so suddenly but that *Leolyn* has an opportunity of hiding himself. Now all this time the audience naturally conclude, from the preceding explanations, that *Hardyknute's* desire of destroying *Leolyn*, arises from his fear of losing his estate to that child, who appears to be the rightful owner—not at all—all those same explanations, O courteous spectator, have nothing to do with the motives of *Hardyknute*; for now, in the cavern scene, when he finds that *Una* has delivered *Leolyn*, he informs her that she must be the sacrifice instead of the boy; for that he himself, being born deformed and poor, had entered into a compact with the *Wood Dæmon*, by virtue of which he has been made handsome and rich, in consideration of sacrificing a human being yearly to the *Dæmon*, between the hours of twelve and one, on the 5th of April. He then urges her to prepare for death, and adds that unless he sacrifice her before the clock strike one, he must himself become the prey of the evil spirit. *Leolyn* returns, climbs up towards the clock in hopes of causing it to strike, but cannot reach the dial.—*Una* snatches up the wand of *Hardyknute*, *Leolyn* receives it from her, and stretches it to the hand of the dial, which he pushes forward. The clock strikes one! The *Wood Dæmon* appears, seizes upon *Hardyknute*, and sinks with him through the stage. All the *dramatis personæ* rush in, and the piece concludes.

The dialogue is the production of Mr. M. G. Lewis, the author of the Monk, &c. We can scarcely understand how Mr. Lewis can have written so ill—for whatever his faults may have hitherto been, certainly he has not been hitherto chargeable with want of genius. But, on this occasion, he has not displayed a single spark of his wonted flame—he has not given to us even one transitory beam to render visible the darkness which overshadows the whole. The scenery, machinery, and decorations, are truly superb, and most of the performers have done every thing possible to promote the success of the piece. Mr. Decamp, in *Hardyknute*, was extremely praiseworthy; and the highest terms of applause would not be unjustly bestowed on Mrs. Henry Siddons's performance of *Una*. Little Charlotte Bristow is very interesting in *Leolyn*; in fact, we cannot see but that one tolerably clever child can act pretty nearly as well as another. The novelty of the green room was a Miss Feron, who, as Mistress of the Revels in the *fête*, at the end of the second act, sang a song with considerable applause. She has a voice possessing some compass, but not yet sufficiently rich and mellow. The better tones are still to be called forth by time and practice. If she should ever give more body to her voice, she may become a pleasing singer. Mr. Penley, in *Guelpho*, the talkative steward, mummed terribly: this actor should recollect that it is not merely a hobbling gait, an unamusing grimace, and an unvarying squeak, which can ever convey an adequate picture of garrulous age.

The piece was stoutly hissed on the first representation; but many judicious curtailments have since been made, and *The Wood Dæmon*, upon the whole, has, perhaps, been the most productive performance of the season.

We now have to speak of a piece, which some persons would condemn at the mere pronunciation of the author's name: we mean *A Day in London*, a comedy, in five acts, by Mr. Cherry! But though, from his previous productions, we think as indifferently of Mr. Cherry's powers as any body can do; yet we conceive that we should not be performing our duty to the public, if we merely told them that the piece was written by Mr. Cherry. This would, indeed, be a most contemptuous way of treating the poor "*little man*," as he, in his *Day in London*, facetiously calls himself: we, who think that a man may sometimes succeed by luck, even when he evinces no *wit*, think it but fair to say some thing of the materials from which "*A Day in London*" has been composed, before we doom the play itself (as far at least as our voice can be decisive) to that oblivion, or rather infamy, in which it ought for ever to remain. For an author's first sin, oblivion is a sufficient punishment—but to a man like Mr. Cherry, who, having always written ill, persists, nevertheless, in writing nothing but infamy, can be a sufficient warning. Our readers have frequently had occasion to observe our contempt for what is commonly called the "*Taste of the Town:*" we, therefore, think it unnecessary, and, indeed, unworthy of ourselves, to enter into an analysis of the causes which may have led to the success of "*The Soldier's Daughter.*" Suffice it for us to say, that if a piece, which escaped damnation, ever deserved it, it was, as we thought in the first season, "*The Soldier's Daughter.*" But *the Soldier's Daughter*, with all its demerits, was infinitely outdone in demerit by an opera called "*The Travellers*," which was called Mr. Cherry's, though, in reality, most of it was the composition of Mr. Johnston, and Mr. Braham. That

part which really was Mr. Cherry's, proclaimed its parent most plainly—the dialogue was truly *Cherryish*. We will say nothing about a comedy entitled *The Village*, which was damned at the Hay-market Theatre some eighteen months ago: it would not be fair that an author should suffer punishment during his existence, and after death also. But whatever there may have been of weakness in his *Soldier's Daughter*, his *Travellers*, his *Village*, his farce of *Spanish Dollars*, and his *poetry*, all of which we mention now, because long sinning renders error inexcusable; whatever these weaknesses may have been, they are almost all united in "*A Day in London.*" We are exceedingly sorry for "poor Mr. Cherry;" because we conceive, that a man who has been successful, may easily suppose that his success has arisen from his own merit: and "poor Mr. Cherry," however he may have been mistaken in such a supposition, has still, in all probability, suffered something from disappointment. But we hope this failure will be a lesson to him; we hope that, for the future, he will abstain from troubling the town with such performances as those he has hitherto produced. In the meantime, our pity for his private feelings shall not induce us to forego fit regard to our own public duty: for the judge in the Old Bailey, even while he pities the criminal, is bound to condemn him for the sake of example. May the Muses decree, in the plenitude of their benevolence, that no more such authors may spring up to waste the time, and draw the money of the public: and may authors, hereafter, remember the example of "poor Mr. Cherry," and abstain from such compositions as the "*Day in London:*" recollecting, that variety is not an excuse for failure, and that any man is truly

Felix, quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum!

The principal characters are as follows:

Sir Sampson Import, an old man, ... THE AUTHOR.
Sir George, a dashing coxcomb, ... Mr. Russell.
A Jew, his brother, ... Mr. Wewitzer.
Jack Melange, another dashing coxcomb, ... Mr. Bannister.
Captain Import, ... Mr. De Camp.
Mr. Bonvere, a prosing gentleman, ... M. H Siddons.
"*A Handsome Man, but a gay seducer*, ... Mr. Bartley.
A Hop-factor, dressed like a judge, particularly resembling Lord Ellenborough, Mr. Raymond.
An Irish Serjeant, ... Mr. Johnstone.
A Farmer, very ignorant, but on whom the chief interest reposes, ... Mr. Dowton.
The Farmer's son, ... Mr. Mathews.
Mr. Jones, Sir Sampson's butler, ... Mr. Palmer.

Lady Charlotte, Sir Sampson's wife, ... Miss Duncan.
The Farmer's wife, ... Miss Mellon.
The Farmer's daughter, ... Miss Boyce.
The Hop-factor's daughter, Miss Ray.
Lady Charlotte's own maid, Mrs. Scott.

We heartily wish that it were in our power to give our readers a correct account of the plot: but we are sorry to say, that is not the case. Indeed we do not take upon ourselves positively to pronounce whether there were any plot at all, or not. But it appeared to us that the principal occurrences were something of this sort:

A farmer having lost his daughter, comes to town to look for her; he applies at the house of *Sir Sampson*, where he expects to find her, and there he does find her. A coxcomb, named *Melange*, being in love with a hopfactor's daughter, is opposed at first, but, at last, received by the father. *Lady Charlotte's* fame having been unaccountably injured, is uninterestingly cleared. The farmer's wife being snatched away by the "gay seducer," is recovered by *Melange*, the coxcomb. *Lady Charlotte's* own maid, being endangered by the wiles of *Sir Samson's* butler, is saved by the *Irish Serjeant*. *Mr. Bonvere*, having long acted as partner in business to *Sir Sampson*, and having *sharply* rebuked *Sir Sampson's* lady on several occasions, turns out to be her brother, who, though he had no ground for suspicion, yet being returned from India, has taken that mode of ascertaining her real character. *Captain Import* is a gentleman who, having only one guinea, shares it with his *Serjeant*, and some poor people, and who offers to fight duels without rhyme or reason; *but for all that he is very much a gentleman*. *Sir Sampson Import* is always saying how jealous he is of his wife, but never shows his jealousy: and the *Farmer's son*, though he is beloved by his father, and though that father states his own capacity of giving his children good fortunes, the *Farmer's son* goes forth as *Sir George's* footman, out of mere poverty.

To state the mode in which these incidents are combined throughout the play, would be a task totally beyond our ability: but *altogether it is very funny!* "Poor Mr. Cherry" seems to have been at the pains of devising a number of little events, in hopes that they would strike the audience as leading incidents; but as it unfortunately happened, that nobody felt the smallest interest for any of the personages, these same *incidents* did not *tell*: for nobody cared whether the farmer's wife, a personage scarcely seen or heard of, were carried off or not; and nobody cared whether my lady's own maid, a personage scarcely seen or heard of, were carried off or not, and so on, through the whole string of characters. But the portion of the play, which to us appeared the most disgusting, was that in which "Poor Mr. Cherry" attempts to describe the manners of fashionable people—in which, for instance, he gives us a lady of rank objecting to her husband's silly acquaintance, because, observes she, *very wittily, I have no wish to be made Lady President of Sapskull Hall.* We expected every moment that in her passion for such refined proverbial expressions, she would have said, "Queen Anne "is dead—or fool, fool, look at your brother—"or the pot calls the kettle, &c." But the *Irish Serjeant* made as happy a figure in dialogue as any of the *dramatis personæ*—for he gave us such *sentiment* as, "We advance—their lines "are broken—the British flag waves over our "head—the Grenadiers fight and conquer—"Britons strike home—Rule Britannia—God "save the King!"

The Author, by playing *Sir Sampson* himself, was, probably, of very great service to the piece; for many people, who would otherwise have opened all the flood-gates of their contempt, were restrained from expressing their disapprobation, we believe, by an unwillingness to injure the feelings of the poor "little man." Indeed we never remember to have seen an audience so thoroughly patient as that, which, however, being at length completely wearied, sentenced the *Day in London* to the fate that it so richly deserved. Let not Mr. Cherry lay the fault of failure to any body's charge but his own; for the actors were by no means deficient in contributing their share to the production of a favourable result. Miss Duncan and Mr. Russell were to be sure a little vulgar; but that was quite in unison with the dialogue that was written for them: The other actors and actresses, with the exception of the affected Miss Ray, were all extremely strenuous in their exertions: Mr. Johnstone, Mr. H. Siddons, and Mr. Bannister, deserve to be mentioned with particular commendation. The Prologue and Epilogue were also the production of Mr. Cherry: Dr. Adam Smith proves how much better a pin may be manufactured by the assignment of head-cutting to one operator, of pointing to another, and so on, than it can by a single workman who executes all these tasks. But Mr. Cherry, who writes the play, and, not contented with that, writes the prologue, and, not contented with that, writes the epilogue, and, not contented with that, acts in the piece into the bargain, seems to have no faith in this judicious theory of Adam Smith. We do not know whether Mr. Cherry can make a pin, but we are very sure he cannot manufacture a dramatic exhibition. We do not wish, like some of our contemporaries, to bring Mr. Cherry needlessly forth, in order to lash him; but when he comes before us of his own accord, and challenges the public to decide upon his merits, we think ourselves intitled to say every thing that may contribute to sweep from the stage such deplorable exhibitions as those with which he has incumbered it.

A new comedy is in rehearsal.

COVENT-GARDEN.

On Friday the 10th, was produced at this Theatre a musical piece, in two acts, called *Whistle for it.* We cannot but think that a considerable portion of blame attaches to the managers for their conduct with regard to this after-piece. After the delay of nearly two whole seasons, at length it was put into rehearsal—but how? Why, when it first was announced, we saw, at the bottom of the play-bills, that on the following Tuesday would be produced a new ballet about *Little Thomas Thumb.* Now the most which can justly be done, and which usually is done on these occasions, is to announce that another piece is in rehearsal, and will be speedily produced: to fix the day is quite irregular. On the appointed day, Wednesday the 8th, the piece was adjourned, on account of Mr. Incledon's indisposition, *sine die.* The Author's friends of course laid aside their hopes for some time, and the public were prepared to expect the *Little Thumb.* But lo! on the Friday, without the smallest notice, we see in the bills of the day, *this evening*, never acted, a musical piece called *Whistle for it!* Yes, for the very same evening was it announced, when it might

be supposed that most people had formed their arrangements, and of course could not step out of their way for a new farce. But, not satisfied with throwing all these damps upon poor *Whistle for It*, the managers take an opportunity of explaining to the public the opinion entertained of it by themselves as clearly as words can explain: for they advertise the new ballet still for Tuesday; and for Saturday and Monday they put up *Mother Goose*: thus evidently saying, "*Whistle for It* will of course be "damned, and so, gentlemen and ladies, you "know what you have to expect." But when, under all these disadvantages, the piece at last appeared, it was by no means such as to justify the unfavourable opinion that Mr. Harris may have conceived of it. The characters are thus represented:

Count Harlowitz..... Mr. Incledon.
The Captain of the Robbers, Mr. C. Kemble.
Andrew, ... Mr. Fawcett.
Rupert,..... ..... Mr. Taylor.

Carola,..... Miss Bolton.
Phillida, ... Mrs. Liston.

Carola, the betrothed wife of *Harlowitz*, is the captive of the banditti, and rejects the addresses of their leader. *Harlowitz*, who is sent by his sovereign to exterminate the robbers, is taken prisoner by them in his attempt to surround their cave, meets his *Carola*, and is sentenced by the robber captain to suffer death, unless he complies with certain conditions, which *Harlowitz*, however, conceives to be inconsistent with his honour and allegiance. He is left for the night under care of *Rupert*, who goes into an adjoining apartment that he may sleep in quiet, and *Andrew*, a comic servant to the robbers, escapes through an aperture in the rock, to inform the followers of *Harlowitz* as to the situation of their leader. These followers he finds; he conceals them near the outside of the cave, and instructs them, when they hear the sound of a whistle, to enter and deliver their master; the robbers detect him in his escape, he is brought back and pinioned, and his only care now is the mode in which he shall convey the concerted signal to the soldiers without. He perpetually wheedles *Rupert* by different contrivances, in order make him whistle, but in vain; when an alarm taking place from a discovery of some of the followers of *Harlowitz* and the robber-chief rushing in sounds his own whistle as a signal for the assistance of his gang. The friends of *Harlowitz* without, hear the noise, force the cave, and deliver the lovers. Some comic dialogue takes place in the earlier part of the piece between *Andrew* and *Phillida*, a maid servant, to whom he says many civil things.

The Author of *Whistle for It*, is Mr. Lambe, a son of Lord Melbourne. It was originally acted at the Priory at Stanmore, Lord Abercorn's seat, from which place Mr. Kemble, who was highly pleased with it, introduced it to Covent-Garden Theatre. But all his interest has, nevertheless, been insufficient to procure fair play for it. The *honourable Author* cannot, from his situation and want of experience, be expected to produce a piece, in every way calculated for dramatic effect; but as far as we can judge from *Whistle for It*, it seems reasonable to suppose that, with practice, he may become even a favourite writer. The dialogue is light and frequently laughable; the situations, for a performance of that description, are not improbable nor ill arranged, and perhaps the only circumstance which casts a damp upon the whole, is the want of varying scenery; for the first act passes entirely in one scene, and the second in another. The music, and particularly the overture, is extremely pretty. Mr. Incledon's first song is very pleasing, and we were much struck by a duet, in which, though Mr. Incledon was extremely careless and slovenly, Miss Bolton sang with her accustomed sweetness. Mr. Charles Kemble and Miss Bolton indeed have characters very much beneath their merit; but they have done every thing possible toward the support of the piece; nor can we omit to notice the great humour and address with which Mr. Fawcett represented *Andrew*.

The piece was received with almost universal approbation; and though Mr. Lambe has been ill used by the managers, we hope the public will give him no reason to look *sheepish*.

And now for the *Ogre and Little Thumb*; a piece which has been got up at a most immense charge, and which will never pay half of its expences. It is a ballet of action, but totally devoid of any interest. We have the old history of the *Little Thumbs* exposed in a forest, and lured to the castle of an *Ogre*; and this *Ogre* would eat up the pretty dears, but for some notable stratagems which are practised by *Thomas Thumb, Esq.* by a certain comical fellow of a servant, an animal perpetually formed in after-pieces. The *dénouement* of the piece it is difficult to divine; all that we can venture positively to assert is, that we saw the *Ogre*, for some reason best known to himself, jump into some *real water*, and then two fairies, who belonged to a pair of seven-leagued-boots, got fine dresses for the *Little Thumbs*. There is also a *Miss Thumb*, who has a knight for her

lover; and there is likewise a couple of *Old Thumbs*; but these *Old Thumbs* do not make their appearance at last, having been probably starved to death during the progress of the ballet. The machinery was all along *very* ill-worked, insomuch, that the failure of the piece may probably be, in a great measure, attributed to the clumsiness of the workmen; for though the production itself be very indifferent, yet it is not so bad but that it might have succeeded with good machinery, particularly when we recollect the cataract at the conclusion, which is truly splendid. But there were on the first night, though without the smallest occasion, a couple of peacocks introduced, who endeavoured to display their beautiful tails to the audience; in this endeavour one of them, after much difficulty, succeeded; but the other, having turned his back to the audience, lifted his tail in so awkward a position, that he had merely the effect of an unfortunate gambler, who, having lost more than he can pay, turns up the skirts of his coat, and coolly says, kick away, gentlemen.

This ballet has been acted several nights, but scarcely without disapprobation.

An Opera, *from the pen of Mr. Cherry*, has been composed by Mr. Jouve, and is actually in rehearsal; the subject is, *Peter the Great*.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS,

FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL, 1807.

FOREIGN TRANSACTIONS.

THE important and afflicting change which has lately taken place in our Government at home, has so absorbed the public mind, as scarcely to leave any room for foreign politics; so true is the maxim, that we feel nothing for mischiefs which happen at a distance, in comparison with those which come immediately home to our own feelings, prejudices, or interests. Hence it is, that, for the last month, we, or rather the public, have thought little of General Bennigsen, or of Napoleon, or of the state of the war in Poland; our eyes have been turned on other leaders, and to another theatre; to Guildhall and the House of Commons, and on those redoubted champions of the Protestant Church, Mr. Deputy Birch and Mr. Spencer Perceval. But, without seeking a cause at home for the apathy which prevails with regard to what is transacting abroad, we have to observe, that the late arrivals from the seat of war bring us no intelligence of importance. The French and Russian armies, after the dreadful contest of Eylau, appear, as if by mutual consent, to have receded from each other, and the time that has elapsed since that battle, has been chiefly employed in bringing up reinforcements. There is much reason to believe, that, before this time, another great battle has been fought in Poland, but no positive advices to that effect have been received from the Continent, and we are not hardy enough to indulge ourselves in speculations on the event. Indeed, we hope our readers do us the justice to keep in mind, that this article is a retrospect, not a prospect, or probability of politics. As far as we are yet acquainted with the details of the events that have taken place in Poland, there appears abundant reason to be satisfied with th military skill of General Bennigsen, and the energy, courage, and devotion of the Russian Troops. Since Napoleon has come in contact with the Moscovites, as he affects contemptuously to call them, he has had no triumphs to boast of; the raw levies of Russia have proved themselves no mean opponents to the disciplined veterans of France; and hitherto victory has hung poised in equal scales. So far this is consolatory. A check, at least, has been put to the progress of the Conqueror; and, from what has passed, we may venture to assume, that the Russian General will not permit himself to be shorn of his honours without a vigorous defence.

In the course of the month, various contradictory accounts have been received of the operations of the British Squadron under Sir J. T. Duckworth. Some of those accounts were very flattering to the national pride, and we should have been truly glad to have seen them confirmed, but for the most part they seem to have been without foundation. What appears the truth of the matter may be told in a few words. Ad-

miral Duckworth, on his arrival at Tenedos, finding that the British Ambassador had left Constantinople, passed the Dardanelles against all opposition, on the 19th of February, and appeared against that city. Of his subsequent proceedings we have no official information, but the foreign journals state that he repassed the Dardanelles *(re infecta)* on the 3d of March, and on the 4th the squadron was in the Mediterranean, and out of sight. The Turks opposed them on their return, and there is reason to believe that the British squadron suffered some loss on the occasion; but, for want of officials details, we are unable to state what that loss was. It would be unfair to impute blame to Admiral Duckworth, without a knowledge of the circumstances by which his conduct was governed: before we venture to give an opinion, we should be disposed to ask, was he acquainted with the state of defence of the Turkish capital previous to his passing the Dardanelles? The passage of the Dardanelles was of itself an act of hostility against the Porte, but policy would have justified this, provided the appearance of a British fleet off Constantinople would have awed the Divan into submission, or, by a timely exertion of force, have compelled the Grand Seignior to resume his engagements with England and her allies. If the British squadron appeared before Constantinople, and threatened more than it was able to effect, it is much to be regretted, for nothing is more unworthy either of individuals or nations than impotent menaces; and if, unfortunately, it should prove that the British Admiral held a higher language to the Turkish government than he had the means of enforcing, the necessary consequence will be, that that decrepit and imbecile power will take courage from our inability to carry our threats into execution, and, their own security being first provided for, enter more readily into the views of the enemy.

When we heard that the passage of the Dardanelles had been forced, we must confess we hoped that some splendid results would have followed; but, when some of the daily prints told us, that it was probable Sir J. T. Duckworth waited for a reinforcement of Russian ships from the Black Sea, we know not whether contempt or laughter were our prevailing emotions. As long as the Turks, bad artillerymen and engineers as they may be, keep possession of the Asiatic and European shores of the channel of Constantinople, and use but ordinary precautions of defence, it is impossible for a hostile squadron to pass from the Black Sea into the sea of Marmora. If the Turks do not neglect the most obvious precautions of prudence, the Black Sea may always be *hermetically* sealed against their enemies; and it now becomes a question whether the Dardanelles, in future, can be passed with impunity? The Dardanelles, so celebrated as the Hellespont of classical antiquity, is a strait, dividing Europe from Asia, and connecting the sea of Marmora with the Mediterranean, of between forty and fifty miles in length. In some parts, it is not more than twice the breadth of the Thames at Tilbury, and, consequently, vessels passing it are exposed to the artillery on the two shores. The difficulties of the navigation are considerable, and when the Etesian winds blow, the Dardanelles would be a dangerous station for a fleet. If the Turks have hitherto relied too much on the natural defences of their capital, is it not probable that the recent appearance of Sir J. T. Duckworth's squadron in the sea of Marmora will have the effect of putting them on their guard to prevent the repetition of a similar insult? In this point of view we sincerely regret, that the appearance of a British fleet before Constantinople has not been attended with more decisive results, but as we are unacquainted with the motives by which the British Admiral was governed, we must, for the present, necessarily suspend our judgment.

However we may feel disappointed at the want of success which has attended our arms at the Eastern extremity of Europe, it is with the most heartfelt satisfaction that we have to congratulate our readers on our successes in South America. The capture of Monte Video has added a new laurel to the British arms; but to our feelings, and we trust we speak the sentiments of the noble-hearted of every country, not the gallantry which was displayed at the assault, (and it could not be excelled) not the heroism and bravery of the assailants, so justly entitles them to our admiration and applause, as the extraordinary and wonderful fact, that the place was taken by storm at day break, and "early in the morning the town was quiet, and "the women were peaceably walking the "streets." What a contrast does this afford to the inhuman conduct of the French, and the massacre and pillage which occurred at the capture of the defenceless town of Lubec. We trust our successes will not terminate here, and that in a short time we will have to communicate the welcome intelligence of the recapture of Buenos Ayres.

DOMESTIC POLITICS.

THE NEW MINISTERIAL ARRANGEMENTS BEING NEARLY COMPLETED, WE SUBJOIN A COMPARATIVE STATEMENT OF THE LATE AND PRESENT ADMINISTRATION.

LATE.	CABINET.	PRESENT.
LORD GRENVILLE,	*FIRST LORD of the TREASURY*,	DUKE OF PORTLAND.
Lords of the Treasury.		*Lords of the Treasury.*
Lord Henry Petty, Lord Althorpe, the Rt. H. W. Wickham, J. Courtnay, Esq.		Rt. Hon. S. Perceval, Marquis of Titchfield, Hon. W. Elliot, W. S. Bourne, Esq.
LORD ERSKINE,	*LORD CHANCELLOR*,	LORD ELDON.
VISCOUNT SIDMOUTH,	*LORD PRESIDENT*,	EARL CAMDEN.
LORD HOLLAND,	*PRIVY SEAL*,	EARL OF WESTMORLAND.
EARL SPENCER,	*SEC. FOR HOME DEPARTMENT*,	LORD HAWKESBURY.
Rt. HON. W. WINDHAM,	*— WAR AND COLONIES*,	LORD CASTLEREAGH.
LORD HOWICK,	*—FOREIGN DEPARTMENT*,	RT. HON. G. CANNING.
RT. HON. T. GRENVILLE,	*FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY*,	LORD MULGRAVE.
Board. — J. Markham, Esq. Sir H. B. Neale, Bart. Lord W. Russel, Lord Kensington, T. F. Freemantle, W. Frankland, Esqs.		*Board.*—J. Gambier, Esq. Sir R. Bickerton, Bart. W. J. Hope, R. Ward, Lord Palmerstone, and J. Buller Esq.
LORD HENRY PETTY,	*CHANCEL. of the EXCHEQUER*,	RT. HON. S. PERCEVAL.
LORD MOIRA,	*MASTER of the ORDNANCE*,	EARL OF CHATHAM.
	SUBORDINATE OFFICES.	
Rt. Hon. R. B. Sheridan,	*Treasurer of the Navy*,	Rt. Hon. G. Rose.
Rt. Hon. R. Fitzpatrick,	*Secretary at War*,	Sir J. Pulteney, Bart.
Rt. Hon. G. Tierney,	*Board of Controul*,	Rt. Hon. R. Dundas Saunders.
Lord Morpeth, J. H. Addington	*Subordinate Commissioners*,	Lord C. Somerset. Rt. Hon. C. Long.
Earl of Derby,	*Chan. of the Duchy of Lancaster*.	Rt. Hon. S. Perceval.
Lord Auckland,	*President of the Board of Trade*,	Earl Bathurst.
Earl Temple,	*Deputy President*,	Rt. Hon. G. Rose.
Rt. Hon. C. Bathurst,	*Master of the Mint*,	Earl Bathurst.
Earl Temple, Lord J. Townsend,	*Paymasters General*,	Lord C. Somerset Rt. Hon. C. Long.
Earl of Carnavon,	*Master of the Horse*,	Duke of Montrose.
Earl of Euston,	*Ranger of St. James's Park*,	Viscount Sydney.
Rt. Hon. N. Vansittart, W. N. Freemantle, Esq.	*Secretaries of the Treasury*,	W. Huskisson, Esq. Hon. — Wellesley.
J. Calcraft, Esq.	*Clerk of the Ordnance*,	Hon. W. W. Pole.
Sir A. Pigot, Knt.	*Attorney General*,	Sir V. Gibbs, Knt.
Sir S. Romilly, Knt.	*Solicitor General*,	Sir T. Plomer, Knt.
	IRISH APPOINTMENTS.	
Duke of Bedford,	*Lord Lieutenant*,	Duke of Richmond.
Lord Ponsonby,	*Lord Chancellor*,	Lord Manners.
Rt. Hon. W. Elliot,	*Secretary*,	Sir A. Wellesley.
Sir John Newport,	*Chancellor of the Exchequer*,	Mr. Forster.
	SCOTCH APPOINTMENTS.	
Earl of Lauderdale,	*Keeper of the Great Seal*,	Duke of Gordon.
Hon. H. Erskine,	*Lord Advocate*,	A. Colquhoun, Esq.
John Clerk, Esq.	*Solicitor General*,	A. Campbell, Esq.

So sweeping a change as the present has not taken place since the memorable dismission of the Coalition Administration at the close of the year 1783. In many respects the present change resembles that of 1783. A secret intrigue produced them both; both were effected by irresponsible advisers behind the throne; and in both cases the Ministers did not retire, but were dismissed. In the case of 1783, a popular delusion was artfully excited and industriously kept up in favour of the new Ministers; this has been attempted in the present instance, but happily the good sense of the nation has rendered the attempt abortive. The clamour of 1783 was "violation of chartered rights;" now the watchword of the new Ministers is "that the church is "in danger," and that we are threatened with a return of the times when the streets ran with blood. Can misrepresentation so weak and preposterous as this impose even on women or children? There never was a time when unanimity was more necessary; and, therefore, there never was a time when our bitterest enemy would be more anxious for the revival of religious animosities. Indeed, if the Emperor of the French could place his Prince of Benevento in the Cabinet, that subtile politician could not devise a system more suited to the purpose of his master, than one to turn the arms of this country against each other.

The threat which was held out in the House of Commons of a Dissolution of Parliament, is now, it appears, to be carried into execution. The new Ministers finding they cannot rely on a majority in the lower house, have determined on an immediate appeal to the people, and accordingly have issued circular letters to their adherents to that effect. We are under no apprehensions for the event. We feel a strong confidence that the people will stamp their sense of the integrity, ability, and firmness of his Majesty's late servants, by returning such a majority of enlightened and independent members to Parliament, as to the satisfaction of the nation at large, shall pave the way to their return to office.

The new Parliament is expected to meet about the end of June.

PARLIAMENTARY INTELLIGENCE.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

THURSDAY, MARCH 26.—Lord Grenville, in a speech of great length, entered into an explanation respecting the change of Ministers.—His Lordship took a review of the conduct of the British Government with respect to the Irish Catholics, from the time of the resignation of the late Mr. Pitt, together with himself and others, to the period when the Bill throwing open Commissions to the Catholics was withdrawn from the House of Commons. He denied that any official promise had been made by the British Government, at the time of the Union, to the Irish Catholics; but admitted, that, in individual speeches, it might be held out to them, that their claims would be most advantageously discussed in an Imperial Parliament.—The Noble Lord then proceeded to state the various circumstances which accompanied the introduction and different stages of the Catholic Bill; but as on these points his language was nearly the same with that of Lord Howick in the House of Commons, we feel ourselves obliged to curtail his Lordship's speech. Ministers, he said, felt it necessary that some explanation should be given. They had been called upon to bind themselves, in writing, never, under any circumstances, to bring the subject of the Catholics again before his Majesty.—This the servants of the Crown felt to be totally inconsistent with their oaths as Privy Councillors, and completely subversive of the British Constitution, as it would transfer responsibility from Ministers to the Throne; a doctrine, which, contrary to all reason, law, and justice, had placed a British Monarch at the bar of his subjects, and led him to the scaffold. Lord Grenville concluded a most eloquent and argumentative speech, with earnestly impressing on their Lordships and the new Ministers the propriety and the necessity of an enlightened and liberal policy towards Ireland, and towards preventing the revival of religious animosities in the Kingdom at large.

Lord Sidmouth, in a short speech, stated that an extraordinary misconception had arisen between his Majesty and those of his Ministers, whose particular duty it was to communicate with him on the subject of the Catholic Bill. His Lordship disapproved of the measure; but no man was more friendly than he to toleration, in the most extensive sense which could be assigned to the word, consistently with the preservation of the power of the state to the members of the established church.

Lords Hawkesbury, Melville, and Buckinghamshire, condemned the conduct of the late Ministers, which was ably defended by Lord Moira and the Earl of Carnarvon. Lord Erskine professed himself an enemy in principle to the Catholic Bill; but, on the other hand, he was convinced that his late colleagues acted from the most conscientious views.—Adjourned.

MONDAY, APRIL 13.—The Marquis of Staf-

ford rose to make his promised motion respecting the late change in his Majesty's councils. His Lordship, after stating the circumstances which led to the dismission of the late Ministers, and pressing upon the House the necessity of a firm, vigorous, and efficient administration, concluded with moving, "That this House is impressed with the deepest regret at the change which has taken place in his Majesty's councils; and that this regret is greatly increased by the cause to which such change has been ascribed; conceiving it to be contrary to the first duty of Ministers to restrain themselves by any pledge, expressed or implied, from submitting to his Majesty such advice, as, in the course of events, may be judged necessary for the honour of the crown, or the security of the people."

The Earl of Aberdeen opposed the motion, and moved the previous question.

The Earl of Hardwicke vindicated the late Ministers, and thought their successors unequal to the exigencies of the present crisis. On various grounds the motion of the noble Marquis had his cordial support.

Lord Erskine, in a most animated and eloquent speech, supported the motion. All honourable men, he said, must agree in condemning the manner in which the late Administration had been removed. It was a pitiful, contemptible triumph, which could have no stability. That the King could do no wrong, was a maxim equally calculated to secure the inviolability of the Royal Person, as to protect the liberties of the subject. His Majesty could not act but by the intervention of some of his subjects, upon whom the responsibility attached, and there was an end to the constitution and all its safeguards, if enquiry were prevented by any Noble Lord stating, that in a particular measure his Majesty had no other advisers than the dictates of his own conscience. As a constitutional lawyer, he would stake his reputation on the assertion, that if such an answer was returned to any address of that House, the Noble Lord who should consent to be the bearer of it would subject himself to have his conduct considered, not within that House, but in Westminster Hall. His Lordship argued strongly the unconstitutional tendency of the pledge attempted to have been extorted from his Majesty's late servants, and concluded with giving the motion his support.

Lord Borrington deprecated the agitation of the topics which had been introduced into the discussion. The motion tended to the inculpation of the Sovereign, and, even if it were carried, it would be productive of no beneficial result. He concluded with moving that the House do now adjourn.

Lord Sidmouth expressed his decided disapprobation of any further enquiry upon the subject.

Lord Lauderdale argued in support of the original motion, contending that by the law of England it was impossible for the King to perform any act but by some instrument, upon whom responsibility attached.

Lord Mulgrave contended there were various situations in which the Crown might act without advisers. When the Duke of Marlborough was dismissed in the midst of his glorious career, it was under an order signed by Queen Anne herself: yet no enquiry was instituted to discover her advisers on the occasion.

Lord Limerick and the Earl of Westmorland argued against, and Lords Holland and Grenville for, the motion. The latter Noble Lord candidly admitted that he lamented the overthrow of the late Administration. That Administration was in the train of doing much good. Himself he would except from what was entitled to praise; but the talents and integrity of his colleagues were entitled to the highest admiration. With respect to the new Ministers, he would say nothing of them disrespectful as individuals; but when he considered the frame and system of their government, and the unconstitutional language they had used that day, he could not entertain any good hopes of them.

Lord Hawkesbury and the Lord Chancellor severally vindicated themselves and their colleagues, and denied that they had come into office under any unconstitutional pledge.

After a few words from the Duke of Norfolk, who supported the original motion, the House divided on the motion of Adjournment.—Contents, including Proxies, 171.—Non-Contents, including Proxies, 90.—Majority for the New Ministers, 81.—Adjourned at half-past seven o'clock in the morning.

THURSDAY, APRIL 16.—On the motion of Lord Hawkesbury, the thanks of the House were voted to Sir Samuel Auchmuty, and the officers and soldiers serving under his command, for their gallant conduct at the capture of Monte Video.

Lord Mulgrave moved the thanks of the House to Vice-Admiral Stirling, the officers, seamen, and marines under his command, for their share in the above gallant exploit. Agreed to *nem dis.*—Adjourned.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THURSDAY, MARCH 26.—Previous to the motion for an adjournment over the Easter holidays, Lord Howick entered into an explanation of the causes which led to the dismission of his Majesty's late servants. His Lordship observed, that this was necessary to correct the garbled statements which had gone forth to the public. With regard to the Catholic question, Ministers were well aware of the difficulties they had to encounter on that head, and they proceeded with caution and deliberation. The prospect of Catholic Emancipation had been held out to the people of Ireland at the period of the Union, and Ministers wished to conciliate the population of that country. When the bill permitting Catholic officers to serve in the army and navy was first introduced into Parliament, some doubts, he said, had arisen upon the proposed measure in the highest quarter; and, as he was desirous that the question should be better understood, he wrote an explanation and description of the clauses about to be introduced into the Mutiny Bill, and sent them for his Majesty's approval. They came back without *comment or objection. (Hear! hear!)* Subsequent to this, however, some objections were raised in point of *form*, but, during an audience he had with his Majesty, who demanded of him what business was then in progress through the House, he replied that the Mutiny Bill was before the Commons, and that the clauses proposed in favour of dissenters would be introduced into the Bill. His Majesty, even at this time, expressed his assent. At a subsequent meeting, however, the Catholic question again came under discussion, and his Majesty then expressed his general dislike of the measure, but in such a way, the Noble Lord said, that he did not think his original consent withdrawn: and what confirmed him in that opinion was, that Lord Grenville conferred with his Majesty on the same day, and not a single objection to the proposed measure fell from his Majesty. The Bill was accordingly moved in progress through the House, and a week elapsed without any further objection being made. But at a subsequent audience, his Majesty most unexpectedly insisted upon no further concession being made to the Catholics of England than what had been granted to those of Ireland, by the Irish legislature, in 1793. Ministers were then convinced that his Majesty had misunderstood them, and that they had misunderstood his Majesty. The Noble Lord went on to state, that he had demanded an audience of his Sovereign the next day, and, at the audience, convinced his Majesty that he (the Noble Lord) had misunderstood his gracious expressions; but at the same time expressed his disposition to reconcile his Majesty's objections with his own duty as a Minister. Administration then used their best endeavours to modify the measure in a way to meet his Majesty's ideas; but as this was found impracticable, they agreed to relinquish the measure altogether. In doing that, he said, Ministers had sacrificed their personal feelings to a sense of public duty; and while they made an offer of abandonment to their Sovereign, they accompanied it with a respectful declaration of the importance, the expediency, and the peculiar policy of the proposed measure. Having yielded thus much, the noble Lord said, his Majesty required "*that Ministers should not only pledge themselves to withdraw the proposed measure, but also subscribe an assurance, in writing, that they would never propose the question again, nor any measure connected with it. (Loud cries of hear, hear.)* This requisition Ministers felt it impossible they could constitutionally comply with. On a subsequent day, he received a letter from his Majesty, informing him that he must look out for other advisers; and the next letter he received from the King commanded him to deliver up his seals of office. Such was the unvarnished statement of the case, and he owed it to his country, to his colleagues, and to himself, to make it known in that house.

The motion for an adjournment was then put, and carried.

THURSDAY, APRIL 9.—Mr. Brand brought forward his promised motion relative to the dismission of the late Ministers. He concluded with moving, as a resolution of the House, "That it is contrary to the first duties of the "confidential servants of the Crown to restrain "themselves by any pledge, expressed or im- "plied, from offering the King any advice "which the course of circumstances may render "necessary for the welfare and security of any "part of his Majesty's extensive empire."

After a long debate, in which the Hon. Mr. Lambe seconded the motion, almost all the leading members of the House of Commons took a part; and which we regret our limits will not allow us to give the detail of. The House divided on Mr. Osborne's amendment, when the numbers appeared for the amendment, 258.—Against it, 228.—Majority for the New Ministers, 32.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15.—The Hon. W. H. Lyttleton submitted a resolution to the House, the object of which was, to declare,

"That the House considering a firm and efficient Administration as indispensable in the present posture of affairs, has seen, with the greatest regret, the late change in his Majesty's councils."

Mr. Hibbert seconded the motion.

A long and animated debate ensued, after which a division took place, which afforded the new Ministers a small increase of strength, the numbers being 198 for Mr. Lyttleton's motion —Against it, 244.—Majority for Ministers, 46.

THURSDAY, APRIL 16.—Lord Castlereagh moved the thanks of the House to Sir S. Auchmuty, and the officers and men under his command, for the skill and bravery displayed by by them at the capture of Monte Video.

Mr. Windham and Sir John Doyle followed, and paid some handsome and merited compliments to the British army and navy. Mr. Matthews remarked that of the 4000 men who formed the expedition, 2000 of them were Catholics. Who after this, he said, would have the wickedness or the folly to say, that his Majesty's Catholic subjects were not to be trusted with arms, or that they were not equally actuated with the Protestants by a love for the honour and glory of the British name?

The motion was carried *nem. con.* and the thanks of the house were also unanimously voted to Vice-Admiral Stirling, and the officers, seamen, and marines, employed on the expedition.—Adjourned.

MONTHLY MISCELLANIES,

DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

Carleton House.—The improvements in Carleton-house proceed but slowly, owing to the numberless alterations which have been suggested and adopted. When the whole is completed, that beautiful pile of building will more resemble a *Fairy Palace*, the scene of enchantment, than a modern habitation. The grand apartment on the principal story, which, in fact, will be the most splendid room in the mansion, is intended for either a magnificent drawing or an eating-room. This superb saloon is hung round with white and silver, and finished with uncommonly beautiful drapery window curtains, composed of light blue silk. The other articles of furniture will all be *a-la-Grecque*, classically displayed. In this room the Prince of Wales intends giving all his grand entertainments.

The uniquely splendid Chinese-room, which is adorned with hangings representing whole length figures in the Chinese costume, composed of white and silver, most exquisitely drawn, has undergone several alterations. Several rooms having been erected, contiguous to this apartment, it has been found indispensably necessary to enclose all the windows. To remedy the want of light, a dome is erecting in the cieling, which will be made to resemble a superb Chinese lantern, adorned with proper emblems, and finished in *or-molu*.

It is expected that the whole will be completed by the King's Birth-day, when the Prince intends to give a grand dinner to a large party.

It has been often remarked, that a late spring is succeeded by a plentiful summer; the following observations tend to confirm this remark:—In the year 1784, the months of January, February, March, and April, proved unusually cold, there being seventy two days of hard frost, and much snow in April; but the spring, though late, had a happy effect on vegetation: we had all kinds of fruit in great plenty; hay grass was abundant, and corn, especially wheat, a large crop and very fine. The stocks of hay being nearly exhausted, owing to the lateness of the spring, hay sold currently in Manchester for 12*d.* per stone of 16*lbs.* and in Bolton, Bury, and Rochdale, at 14*d.* per stone, in the month of April and beginning of May; yet so abundant was the supply in 1784, that in March and April, 1785, after a more severe winter than the preceding, hay sold in Manchester at 5½*d.* per stone, and potatoes at 3*s.* per load of 210 *lbs.*

A French chymist of reputation, M. C. L. Cadet de Vaux, apothecary in ordinary to the Emperor Napoleon, has lately published a dissertation on coffee, its history, properties, and the right process for obtaining from it the most agreeable, salutary, and economical beverage. The author commences his treatise with observing, that the processes hitherto known for the torrefaction or roasting of coffee, and for the making of it into the beverage which bears its name, are all of them more or less improper. Coffee ought not to be roasted longer than its colour is changed to a yellowish brown (*brun*

doré); its essential oil is then preserved, and it emits an exceedingly agreeable smell.

Instead of the old modes of preparing coffee either by boiling it, or by pouring boiling water upon it, after the method of our English coffee *biggins*, M. Cadet de Vaux recommends that the coffee should be put into a proper vessel, furnished with a strainer, and cold water poured upon it; that it should then be placed in another vessel filled with hot water, which is to be kept in a boiling heat until the process is completed. By using this method the author contends, that a less quantity of coffee than is commonly employed will serve, and that the flavour and refreshing qualities of the beverage will be improved.

A new edition of a very old book has just been published at Paris; it is entitled, "Everlasting Prophecies, from the year 1521, to the end of the World." The author is Joseph Justo, of Naples. The Academy of Sciences at Paris is said to have transmitted this little work, (45 pages) to the Minister Louvois: and what is still more, to have found it invariably correct for the last 140 years. Of the year 1806, it is said—"Let people procure a supply of oats and commodities; for, at the end of August commences a great war, which extends to many regions. The people suffer death and great calamities. In 1807, a great quantity of snow will fall in the beginning of February! many inundations." The most important prophecy relates to the year 1811.—"It will be difficult to preserve the cattle through the severity of the winter; from that year a peace of the whole century will be enjoyed by Christendom; bread, wine, and clothing will then be cheap."

The art of making guns was discovered by a native of Germany in the year 1380, in the following manner:—As this German was powdering brimstone in a mortar covered with a stone, which he struck with an iron pestle, a spark of fire falling amongst the powder, caused such a flame to issue from the mortar, that it raised the stone to a great height.—Perceiving this, he made a pipe of iron, tempered the powder with some other ingredients, and completed the deadly engine. The first who used these destructive weapons were the Venetians, against the inhabitants of Genoa. It might, perhaps, have been well for the world in general, had the inventor carried this casual discovery to his grave.

Summary Punishment for Crim. Con.—The inhabitants of Goswell-street, and its neighbourhood, were lately presented with a spectacle which afforded much merriment during its exhibition. A drayman, who lives in Fan-street, more attached to other men's wives than his own, was, by the unexpected arrival of the husband, caught in an amour with his wife. The injured man locked the *happy pair* into the room, and repaired to an adjacent public-house, where there was a number of his companions, to whom he related the circumstance. They instantly resolved to inflict summary punishment, and for that purpose procured a long pole, with which they proceeded to the house, dragged the culprit from the husband's apartment, placed him on the middle of the pole, and carried him in this situation about the neighbourhood, while a number of enraged females were pelting him with every kind of filth, and loudly vociferating his crime.

A noble Prussian lady, in the habit of giving a portion of 4*l.* to poor females in her neighbourhood, as an encouragement to their getting husbands, was waited on one morning by a good-looking girl, accompanied by her intended husband, an ugly, little, deformed dwarf. The lady expressed her astonishment at her not having got a better spouse,—"Lord, ma'am, (said the girl,) what can a body expect for twenty dollars."

Eccentric Verdict.—A Coroner's Jury lately sat in Baltimore (America) over the body of a young lady, who had hung herself in a fit of *love phrenzy*, and brought in their verdict—"Died by the visitation of *Cupid?*"

The following circumstance, no less curious than interesting to the safety of almost every family, lately occurred at the house of Mr. Whitworth, draper, in Northampton: Mr. Whitworth, perceiving a strong smell of fire, was induced to search into the cause of it, when going into a bed-room he found it proceeded from a crape handkerchief on fire, hanging against the wall, with one end on the dressing table. No fire or candle having been in the room, it is supposed to have happened from the reflection of the sun's rays, drawn to a focus through a large globular bottle filled with water, which stood upon the toilet a few inches from the crape handkerchief. The toilet was scorched and also the hanging paper.

A particularly remarkable instance of sagacity and love for the human species, in a dog, occurred lately, in Romney Marsh: a female child, about four years old, the daughter of a looker, having been left by its mother alone in a room where there was a fire, the clothes of the child caught the flames, and she ran terrified, with her garments burning, into an ad-

joining apartment, where a dog was tied up. The animal, it is supposed, as soon as the child came within his reach, threw her on the ground and tore every article of her clothes off, in which situation she crawled to a bed, and wrapped herself in a coverlet. On the return of the mother, she discovered some ashes and remnants of the child's clothes beside the dog, and on approaching the bed, found the poor infant with one of her arms burnt, and her side so miserably scorched, that her heart was nearly perceptible. She had, however, power to tell her parent that Shepherd, (the dog's name) had taken her burning clothes off. She survived about an hour after her being discovered.

A most awful event took place lately in the collegiate church of Southwell. A young man, of the name of Cook had been for some time attached to a young woman of the same place; but peculiar circumstances, joined to his ill state of health, had retarded their union. Cook was in the last stage of a consumption, had been confined within doors five weeks, and to his bed several days: his speedy dissolution appeared certain; nevertheless, on Wednesday evening he determined on being united to the object of his affections on the ensuing morning. Accordingly, about nine o'clock he was with difficulty dressed, and, (the house standing on the verge of the church-yard) assisted by the arm of his intended brother-in-law, performed his walk to the sacred edifice with a firmness which astonished the numerous spectators who were assembled at so unusual a scene. Throughout the whole of the ceremony his effort still supported him: the minister closed the book; exhausted nature could do no more;—the bridegroom sank lifeless at the altar! He was immediately conveyed home, and every restorative medical aid could suggest was ineffectually administered: the vital spark was totally extinguished.

BIRTHS.

At Kenyon House, the lady of Colonel Thornton, of Thorneville Royal, of a son.

At his house in Poland-street, the lady of the Hon. W. Herbert, of a son.

In Newman-street, Mrs. C. Kemble (late Miss De Camp), of a son.

On the 11th ult. the Lady of T. S. Gouch, Esq. M. P. at Holbeck, Hadleigh, Suffolk, of a son.

Lately, the wife of James Saltmarsh, gardener, in Moulsham, was safely delivered of two girls and a boy, all of whom are likely to live, and the mother is in a fair way of recovery.

At Frome, a young woman, who had been married only 10 months, was delivered of four children; and another of five children, after having been married 11 months.

MARRIAGES.

Lately, Sir Thomas Strange, Chief Justice of Madras, to Miss Burroughs, daughter of Sir Wm. Burroughs.

At Barbadoes, on the 22d of January last, the Hon. Robert Augustus Hyndman, of Dominica, to Miss Eliz. Christina Beckles, second daughter of the Hon. John Beckles, Attorney-General and Speaker of the House of Assembly at Barbadoes.

On Sunday, March 22, at St. Martin's in the Fields, — Liston, Esq. of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, to Miss Tyrer, of the same place.

At Tillingham, Mr. John Elliott, of Burnham, aged 60, to Miss Ann Bell, a promising young lady of *sixteen*.

Lately, at Vallenciennes, Mr. Jeremiah Le Souf, jun. of London, to Miss Sophia, Curthwaite, of Godalming, Surrey.

Lately, Baddeley Child, Esq. (son of Vice Admiral Child), to Miss Catharine Ford, of Newcastle, Staffordshire.

At Glasgow, Alexander M'Arthur, Esq. of Linlithlow-bridge, to Miss Margaret Hill, second daughter of the late George Hill, Esq. of Hill-end, near Glasgow.

Lately, at Zante, Count Antonio Comuto, Prince and President of the Ionian Republic, to Miss Ellena Foresti, daughter of the British Resident.

DIED.

On Thursday, April 9, at his house in Berners-street, Oxford-road, John Opie, Esq. R. A. Mr. Opie was born in the year 1761, in an obscure village in the neighbourhood of Penzance, in Cornwall. His origin was humble, and his early years were devoted to a mechanical employment. Some of his designs, however, having fallen in the way of an amateur artist, Dr. Wolcott, better known, perhaps, as the facetious Peter Pindar, that gentleman encouraged his efforts, brought him to London, and soon had the satisfaction to see his young *protegé* established in a fair road to wealth and fame. At his first coming to town, Mr. Opie confined himself chiefly to historical subjects,

and his death of David Rizzio, and the murder of one of the Kings of Scotland, gaining him considerable applause, he was soon engaged by Alderman Boydell to paint for the Shakspeare Gallery. He now became an associate of the Royal Academy, and in due time was elected an Academician. No painter of his time has left a greater number of works behind him than Mr. Opie: in his professional studies he was indefatigable; but latterly he applied himself more to portrait painting than any other branch of the art. If his portraits want the character which Sir Joshua Reynolds with such exquisite skill was accustomed to infuse into his portraits, if they are deficient in the grace and high finish which Mr. Lawrence gives to every effort of his pencil, they are, nevertheless, infinitely superior to the common specimens of portrait painting in this country. Where Mr. Opie chiefly failed was in his exhibition of female likenesses. He was deficient in delicacy and softness, and knew not how to give that fascinating charm to his ladies which constitutes so essential an excellence of the art.

Mr. Opie was twice married, but has left no children. On Monday, April 20, the remains of this artist were removed for interment in St. Paul's cathedral, in a hearse and six, followed by 29 mourning and as many other coaches, the Duke of Gloucester's closing the procession. Lord De Dunstanville, Sir John St. Aubin, Sir John Leicester, Mr. Whitbread, Mr. W. Smith, were pall bearers, and his relatives and friends as chief mourners, were followed by the President, Council, Officers, and Members of the Royal Academy.

Lately, in Switzerland, Mr. De Lolme, an eminent, but rather eccentric writer. He died at an advanced age, and we are concerned to add in indigent circumstances. His chief work was an Essay on the English Constitution, which deservedly possesses a high degree of reputation both at home and abroad; besides this, he was the Author of the Flagellants, a work which, whoever has not read, will find their time well employed in the perusal of it, and of a pamphlet on Mr. Pitt's Window Duty, one of the best political *jeu d'esprits*, that we ever remember to have read. Mr. De Lolme, though a foreigner, wrote the English language with much purity and elegance. He was a native of Switzerland, and in the early part of his life one of the Senators of Geneva.

Lately, at Clifton, Elizabeth, Dowager Countess of Mayo, relict of his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, and Earl Mayo.

Aged 79, at his seat, at Santon Downham, Suffolk, Charles Sloane, Earl Cadogan, Viscount Chelsea, now Earl Cadogan.

At his house in Wimpole-street, the Hon. Colonel Vane. He was brother to the Earl of Westmorland, late Member for Lime Regis, and one of the Lords of the Bedchamber to his Majesty.

Lately, at St. James's Palace, in the 94th year of her age, the Hon. Frances Tracy, First Bedchamber Woman to her Majesty, and only surviving sister of the late Viscount Tracy, of Toddington, in the county of Gloucester.

At his seat, Ludford Park, Herefordshire, Nicholas Lechmere Charlton, Esq. formerly Colonel of the Worcestershire militia, and M. P. for Worcester.

Lately, sincerely lamented by his family and friends, after a painful and lingering illness, Sir James Winter Lake, Bart. a Fellow of the Royal Society, and much known in the literary world.

Ensign Jones, of the Staff Corps, stationed at Hythe; he put a period to his existence by discharging a pistol through his head. Love is assigned as the cause of this rash action. He left a letter addressed to a young lady at Winchelsea.

Lately, Mr. Isaac Moor, occupier of a small farm on the road from Hull to Beverley: he was sitting in the Blue Bell public-house, in the market-place, along with some of his acquaintance, when he was observed to drop the pipe out of his mouth, and immediately sink down, as was supposed in a fit. A medical gentleman, being in the room, went directly to his assistance, but he expired in a few minutes.

In Gorbals, Glasgow, Malcolm White, in the 102d year of his age. He retained all his faculties to the last, and was able on the morning of his death, to rise from his bed, and do some things about the house; he used to go about the town and country selling religious books; he was a native of Cowall, Argyleshire.

At Kirkdale, in the 91st year of his age, William Pendleton, a veteran, who had fought in the battles of Dettingen, Fontenoy, and Culloden. He has left a widow, aged 92, with whom he lived upwards of 68 years; and what is remarkable, they never had more than one quarrel during the whole time.

At Chichester, in the 75th year of her age, Lady Viscountess Lifford, relict of Lord Chancellor Lifford, of Ireland, and mother of Lieut.-General Hewitt.

LE BEAU MONDE.

FASHIONS

FOR MAY, 1807.

Fig. No. 3.—A Lady's Morning Walking Dress is composed of a white muslin gown, ornamented at the bottom with a narrow border of fancy needle-work, made quite plain, with long sleeves; a mantle of lilac or dove-coloured sarsnet, made with a spencer, which confines the waist with a high standing collar, bound and tied round the throat with rose or pale pink ribband; it also crosses the bosom, and confines the mantle which fastens on the back of the left shoulder in full plaits; it is cut irregularly at the bottom, and flies open in front, lined throughout with rose or pale pink to correspond. A cap made of the same materials, with a rich tassel at the ends, falling over the right eye and lodges on the shoulder. Gloves and shoes of the same colour as the mantle.

Fig. No. 2.—A Lady's Evening Full Dress is composed of a train of very rich Italian crape, lemon colour, spotted in various directions with silver spangles; a train petticoat and body of soft white satin; sleeves, and body is composed entirely of rich point lace, inlet with wreaths of silver spangles, as is also the bottom of the petticoat; an apron of real Brussels lace, ornamented with two narrow wreaths of silver to correspond with the remainder of the dress. A lace shirt made close to the form of the neck, without any trimmings round the throat. A loose drapery of fine cobweb muslin, covers the left shoulder, passes over the bosom, and entwined round the right arm. A dress hat of white or cream-coloured chip, or straw, is made to cross the front of the forehead, turned flat up in front, trimmed with narrow wreaths of small white roses; a beautiful white ostrich feather, fastened in the center to fall back over the crown. White kid gloves and shoes of lemon coloured satin.

(The above Dresses were invented by Mrs. Gill, of Cork-street,)

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON LADIES' DRESSES FOR MAY, 1807.

THE smiles and sunshine of spring, have given, within these few days, a gayer appearance to Pall-Mall, St. James's and Bond-street, and discarded some of the wintry habiliments of the fair Pedestrians; but its influence has not yet extended to the *evening circles* of fashion, where white satin dresses, and velvets of various colours, still hold the most prevailing sway. Coloured muslins are no less prevailing in the evening parties, and *ton*, which so lately displayed the hair in Grecian beauty, repressing its luxuriance with *bandeaux*. Combs, now capriciously, again introduce the turban composed of the same materials as the robe or of silver or gold tissues. In the most distinguished circles, some ladies of rank have introduced a new description of Indian turban, composed of a species of gold gauze, relieved with alternate narrow rose-coloured stripes and ornamented at the edge with a very rich and deep interwoven gold fringe. Diamonds in a greater profusion than we ever witnessed them, continue to grace, with almost eastern magnificence, the English *belles* of rank and *ton*. Slight and very pale coloured silks are likely to usurp the place of muslins for dress during the spring; and silk hats, with mantles of the same, are becoming universal. The gypsey cloak, resembling exactly that from which it takes its name, but made of figured sarsnet, is likely to become a great favourite with its fair wearers.

A Morning Walking Dress for Gentlemen is composed of a dark brown mixed coat, lappeled, with flat plated buttons and collar of the same cloth; or greenish mixtures lappeled, flat plated buttons and collar of cloth, and the coat must be buttoned close up. Striped toilinet, or plain kerseymere waistcoats, single breasted, and bound with silk, and drab coloured kerseymere pantaloons, with Hessian boots.

18
60
MAY

CARRIAGE & FULL DRESSES. for June 1807.

Engraved & Coloured exclusively for Le Beau Monde or Literary & Fashionable Magazine

MORNING DRESSES for June 1807

Engraved & Coloured exclusively for Le Beau Monde or Literary & Fashionable Magazine.

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MAY

Fig. No. 1.—*Evening Full Dress for Gentlemen* consists of a blue coat, lappeled, flat gilt buttons, and black velvet collar; a dark green coat, lappeled, flat gilt buttons, and black velvet collar; or, a dark olive brown coat, lappeled, covered buttons, and collar of the same cloth: these three are literally the only coats that are worn at present, and have generally the two or three bottom buttons buttoned. Waistcoats, of fine white Marshilles quilting, single breasted; drab kerseymere breeches, with silk strings at the knee. Snow white narrow ribbed silk stockings, with shoes in strings.

General observations on gentlemen's dresses for May, 1807.

Evening coats, which we have already described, are generally of blue, dark green, or dark olive brown, the two former have a gilt button, and most generally a black velvet collar. The morning coats are mostly of dark mixtures, and are in general made double breasted; but the single breasted coat is considered the most fashionable, and will, undoubtedly, shew its preponderance in a very short time. Drab colour milled kerseymere breeches or pantaloons, with Hessian or brown top boots are constantly worn.

ANECDOTES OF FASHIONS.

TO diversify this head of *Le Beau Monde*, we propose occasionally to give anecdotes of ancient fashions, that the *bon ton* of the present day may see that their forefathers were not less capricious in their taste than themselves. Fashion, indeed, is a creature of so cameleon a hue, so fantastic, so diversified, now so simple, now so gorgeous, that it would require volumes to follow the goddess of the *modes* through all her transformations. We dare not venture upon so stupendous an undertaking; but it may not be unamusing to collect, here and there, a few historical facts relative to what may be called *Le Beau Monde* of former times.

The origin of many fashions was in the endeavour to conceal some deformity of the inventor: hence the cushions, ruffs, hoops, and other monstrous devices. If a reigning beauty chanced to have an unequal hip, those who had very handsome hips, would load themselves with that false hump which the other was compelled by the unkindness of nature to substitute. Patches were invented in England in the reign of Edward VI. by a foreign lady, who, in this manner, ingeniously covered a wen on her neck. When the Spectator wrote, full bottomed wigs were invented by a French barber, one Duviller, whose name they perpetuated, for the purpose of concealing an elevation in the shoulder of the Dauphin. Charles VII. of France introduced long coats to hide his ill made legs. Shoes with very long points, full two feet in length, were invented by Henry Plantagenet Duke of Anjou, to conceal a large excrescence on one of his feet. When Francis I. was obliged to wear his hair short, owing to a wound he received in the head, it became a prevailing fashion at court. Others, on the contrary, have adapted fashions to set off their peculiar beauties. Isabella of Bavaria, remarkable for her gallantry and the fairness of her complexion, introduced the fashion of leaving the shoulders and part of the neck uncovered, in order that those features, which in her were exceedingly beautiful, might be exposed. Formerly, when the fair sex were accustomed to behold their lovers with beards, the sight of a shaved chin excited feelings of horror and aversion, as much, indeed, as in this less heroic age, would a gallant whose luxurious beard should

"Stream like a meteor to the troubled air."

When Louis VII. to obey the injunctions of his bishops, cropped his hair, and shaved his beard, Eleanor, his consort, found him, with this unusual appearance, very ridiculous, and soon very contemptible. She revenged herself, as she thought proper, and the poor shaved king obtained a divorce. She then married the Count of Anjou, afterwards our Henry II. She had for her marriage portion the rich provinces of Poitou and Guyenne; and this was the origin of those wars which for three hundred years ravaged France, and cost the French three millions of men. All which, probably, had never occurred had Louis VII. not been so rash as to crop his head and shave his beard, by which he became so disgustful in the eyes of our Queen Eleanor. The hair has, in all ages, been an endless topic of the declamation of the moralist, and the favourite object of fashion. If the *beau monde* wore their hair luxuriant, or their wigs enormous, the preach-

ers (as in Charles II. reign) instantly were seen in the pulpit with their hair cut shorter, and their sermon longer; respect was, however, paid by the world to the size of the *wig*, in spite of the *hair-cutter* in the pulpit. Our judges, and till lately our physicians, well knew its magical effect. In the reign of Charles II. the hair dress of the ladies was very elaborate: it was not only curled and frizzled with the nicest art, but set off with certain artificial curls, then too emphatically known by the pathetic term of heart-breakers. So late as William and Mary, lads, and even children, wore wigs; and if they had not wigs, they curled their hair to resemble that fashionable ornament. Women then were the principal hair-dressers.

It is observed by the lively Vigneul de Marville, that there are flagrant follies in fashion which must be endured while they reign, and which never appear ridiculous till they are out of fashion. In the reign of Henry III. of France, they could not exist without an abundant use of comfits. All the world, the grave and the gay, carried in their pockets a *comfit-box*, as we do snuff-boxes. They used them even on the most solemn occasions: when the Duke of Guise was shot at Blois, he was found with his comfit-box in his hand—Fashions indeed have been carried to so extravagant a length as to become a public offence, and to have required the interference of government. Short and tight breeches were so much the rage in France that Charles V. was compelled to banish this disgusting mode by edicts, which may be found in Mezeray. An Italian author of the fifteenth century supposes an Italian traveller of nice modesty would not pass through France, that he might not be offended by seeing men whose clothes rather exposed their nakedness, than hid it. It is curious that the very same fashion was the complaint in the remoter period of our Chaucer, who declares in his Parson's Tale, that their short tight dresses do not cover certain horrid swollen parts that look like the malady of Hernia, and their buttocks behind like the hinder part of a she ape in the full of the moon;—but the venerable bard gets less refined. These railleries were not without justice.

In the reign of our Elizabeth the reverse of all this took place; then the mode of enormous breeches was pushed to a most laughable excess. The bucks of the day stuffed out their breeches with rags, feathers, and other light matters, till they brought them out to a most enormous size. They resembled wool-sacks, and in a public spectacle, they were obliged to raise scaffolds for the sents of these ponderous *beaux*. To accord with this fantastical taste the ladies invented large hoop farthingales.—Two lovers could surely never have taken one another by the hand aside. In the preceding reign of Mary the fashion run on square toes; insomuch that a proclamation was issued that no person should wear shoes above six inches square at the toes! Then succeeded picked-pointed shoes! The nation was again, in the reign of Elizabeth, put under the royal authority. "In that time, (says honest John Stowe,) he was held the greatest gallant that had the *deepest ruff*, and *longest rapier*: the offence to the eye of the one, and hurt unto the life of the subject that came by the other. This caused her Majesty to *make proclamation against them both*, and to *place selected grave citizens at every gate, to cut the ruffes, and break the rapiers' points* of all passengers that exceeded a yeard in length of their rapiers, and a nayle of a yeard in depth of their ruffes." These "grave citizens," at every gate cutting the ruffes and breaking the rapiers must doubtless have encountered in their ludicrous employment some stubborn opposition; but this regulation was in the spirit of that age, despotic and effectual. The late Emperor of Russia, ordered the soldiers to stop every passenger who wore pantaloons, and with their bangers to cut off, upon the leg, the offending part of these superfluous breeches; so that a man's legs depended greatly on the adroitness and humanity of a Russ or a Cossack; however this war against *pantaloons* was very successful, and obtained a complete triumph in favour of the *breeches* in the course of the week.

A shameful extravagance in dress has been a most venerable folly. In the reign of Richard II. their dress was sumptuous beyond belief. Sir John Arundel had a change of no less than 52 new suits of cloth of gold tissue. The Prelates indulged in all the ostentatious luxury of dress. Chaucer says they had "chaunge of clothing everie daie." Brantome records of Elizabeth, Queen of Philip II. of Spain, that she never wore a gown twice; this was told him by her Majesty's own *tailleur*, who from a poor man soon became as rich as any one he knew. Our own Elizabeth left no less than three thousand different habits in her wardrobe when she died. She was possessed of the dresses of all countries.

The Catholic religion has in truth ever considered the pomp of the clerical habit as not the slightest part of its religious ceremonies; their

devotion is addressed to the eye of the people. Hence is it that in much later times, in the reign of our catholic Queen Mary, the dress of a priest was costly indeed; and the sarcastic and good-humoured Fuller, gives in his Worthies, the will of a priest, to shew the wardrobe of men of his order, and desires that the priest may not be jeered for the gallantry of his splendid apparel. He bequeaths to various parish churches and persons. "My vestment of crimson satin—my vestment of crimson velvet—my stole and fanon set with pearl—my black gown faced with taffeta, &c."

SPORTING VARIETIES.

ON THE ORIGIN OF HORSE-RACING.

As the season for horse-racing approaches, it may not be uninteresting to our sporting readers to present them with some particulars of the origin of that amusement, and rules for the better management of racers, taking for our authorities the best writers on the subjects, and adding such remarks of our own as we may judge pertinent.

The diversion of horse-racing is of the greatest antiquity. Horse and chariot races made a considerable part of the public diversions exhibited among the Greeks, on solemn occasions, as at their Olympic or Pythian Games, or at the funerals of their heroes to do them honour, and render their death more remarkable. Among the Romans too, equestrian or curule games formed part of their public spectacles; but in no country has the sport of horse-racing been carried to such perfection as in England. It may be traced back in this island as far as the eleventh century, but did not begin to assume any regulated form until the accession of the house of Stuart, most of the princes of which entertained a great partiality for the sport. Newmarket began to be frequented previous to the civil war; but in the reign of Charles II. encouraged by the presence of that monarch and his court, it shone forth in full glory, and every person knows it now, by common fame at least, as the head-quarters of the turf. Frequent meetings at stated periods are held there, and the sport generally continues throughout the week; there are also about eighty places in England besides, where races are annually held, and at some of them twice in the year. At Newmarket nearly all races are determined at one heat, as a measure of necessity from their usual number and variety.

The speed and continuance of race-horses must necessarily be affected and governed, in certain degrees, by the weight which they have to carry; and reasoning upon that position, it will be easily conceived, that if two horses be equally matched in point of speed and strength, and put to their utmost exertion for a considerable distance, the horse which carries the least weight, even only by a single pound, must infallibly have the advantage to a certain degree, (however small) in the ability of going more swift, and continuing longer that his antagonist. The swifter the pace, and the longer it is continued, the more in proportion will the horse be affected by the weight he carries. It is said that in running four miles, seven pounds makes the difference of a distance, or two hundred and forty yards, between horses of equal goodness. This affair of weight is regulated with scientific precision upon the turf, and forms a prime consideration in all sporting transactions. The weights carried by race-horses vary from the *maximum* twelve stone, fourteen pounds to a stone, to a feather, which means a boy of the lightest weight that can be found.

The thorough bred courser is, in a general point of view, the most, as from its innate qualities being applicable to every purpose, which can be affirmed of no other species of the animal.

Horses, for the race-ground, should be as light as possible, large, long, but well shaped; with a short back, long sides, and a little long-legged and narrow-breasted, for such will gallop the lighter and nimbler, and run the faster. A writer of celebrity on the subject says, that a racer should be somewhat long-bodied, nervous, of great mettle, good wind, good appetite, very swift, and sensible of the spurs: that he ought to be of an English breed or barb, of a little size, with pretty small legs, but the back sinews a good distance from the bone, short jointed, and have neat well-shaped feet.

RACES TO COME.

MAY. 4.—Chester.
6.—Goodwood.
13.—Epsom.
19.—Guildford.
20.—Maddington.
20.—Manchester.
23.—York Spring Meeting.

THE RACES OF BRAMHAM SPENN were numerously attended on Monday, April 13, to see the sporting match between Mr. Ingilby and Mr. Starky. Unfortunately the anxious expectation of the public was disappointed, as Mr. Ingilby's cropped horse received an accident while exercising, which totally disabled him from coming upon the ground. Another horse was, however, matched, though so much inferior, that Mr. Starkey came in easy, and almost distanced his adversary. Some other matches were made, and two very good ones between Mr. Gascoigne and Mr. Treacher, upon their ponies, afforded much amusement. A numerous party of fashionables from Bramham Park, honoured the course with their presence, and the day concluded with the greatest hilarity.

On Monday, April 21, a match was trotted over Sunbury Common between the noted old mare, Phenomena, and a black horse of Mr. Bray's; the distance ten miles; which the former won in 33 minutes with great ease.

Hunting Party made by the Emperor Francis I. in 1755.—There were 23 persons in the party, three of whom were ladies; the Princess Charlotte de Lorraine was one of them. The chase lasted 18 days, and during that time they killed 47,950 head of game and wild deer, of which 19 were stags, 77 roebucks, 10 foxes, 18,243 hares, 19,545 partridges, 9499 pheasants, 114 larks, 353 quails, and 54 other birds. The Emperor fired 9,708 shots, and the Princess Charlotte 9,010: in all, there were 116,209 shots fired.

In February, at half past two o'clock, Mr. Conyer's fox-hounds found a fox in a small spring near Roydon town; he went away immediately for Pinicle Covers, across the common fields to Parndon, over the road and the strong inclosures, away to Parndon Common over to Parndon woods, then to Epping Long Green, near Rye Hill; there they came to a little check; then hit the scent again down the fine pasture meads to Harls, over the inclosures to Epping Church Wood, away for Epping Bury, then crossed the road to the left, away over the strong inclosures to Cole's Earths. He made no stop, although he might, but away for the bottom of Wintry Wood, near Thorndon Common, over the London road, at which place proved the stoutness of horses, and there two-thirds of the field came to a stand still; then away they went through the Lower Forest for Coopersale, through Tuff Tallys down the lawns over the ride into Ongar Park Great Wood, up to the centre tree, down the other quarter of the wood to the bottom; there he gallantly faced the country over Tate Hill, away to Stamford Rivers, through Bell House Springs away to Nightland Covers, and through them, without a head, faced the inclosures for Dorrel's Wood, where the hounds gallantly ran into him in the open fields just before he could reach the cover. The only horsemen that were up with them, was Mr. T. Rounding, Mr. Thompson of Durham, Mr. Bode, Mr. R. Rounding, Benjamin Jennings, the huntsman, and Mr. Dyer.—Killed at a quarter past five.

COCKING.—In Easter Week and the Monday after, the following Cock Mains and Matches were fought at Messrs. Usher and Ward's Pit, in Newcastle, the whole of which, we believe, were never equalled in any part of the world.

Monday, March 30.—Two mains for 50*l.* each, by 16 cocks each; and a match for 6gs. by 2 cocks.

Tuesday.—Two mains, for 50*l.* each, by 16 cocks each; a main for 24gs. by 8 cocks; and one for 12gs. by 4 cocks.

Wednesday.—Three mains for 50*l.* each, by 16 cocks each; and one for 12gs. by 4 cocks.

Thursday.—A main for 100*l.* by 16 cocks; two for 50*l.* each, by 16 cocks each; one for 24gs. by 8 cocks; one for 12gs. by 4 cocks; and a match for 6gs. by 2 cocks.

Friday.—Two mains for 50*l.* each, by 16 cocks each; and one for 24gs. by 8 cocks.

Saturday.—Two mains for 50*l.* each, by 16 cocks each. And on

Monday, April 6.—A main for 50*l.* each, by 16 cocks; and one for 25gs. by 8 cocks.

Total number of cocks fought, 288; which would weigh 12 hundred weight and upwards.

Cock-Pit Royal, Westminster.—After the fighting on Friday, Lister had won 18 main and 4 bye battles, and Potter 12 main and 10 bye battles; on Saturday, Potter won 3 main and 9 byes, but in fighting for the fourth battle, Lister, the setter, after the ninth time of setting too, took his cock away; in consequence of which a dispute arose, and the main was not fought out. Lister afterwards walked 2 cocks over, but all bets remained unpaid.

A match of pigeon shooting, between two

men of Buckinghamshire and two of Hampshire, which was made a month since, was decided in a field between Salthill and Burnham. The stake was 100 guineas, and each party killed eight pigeons out of ten. Each person was allotted five, and Mr. Jackson, from Buckinghamshire, killed all his birds, and his partner, Sibley, three only. Mr. Warren, on the opposite side, killed three pigeons, and his partner, King, a gamekeeper, killed his five. The tie was shot off by the two persons who had killed all their birds for 50*l.* after the original stake had been drawn. Mr. Jackson was the victor, his adversary having missed his third pigeon.

A trotting match lately took place on the road from Suffield to Pickering between a black mare, the property of Major Watson, of the Light Dragoons, and a bay gelding belonging to R. Turner, Esq. of Moorhall. The match was for 100 guineas; the distance 10 miles. At starting Major Watson's mare took the lead, and kept it for the first four miles, when the gelding overtook her, but breaking into a canter, was obliged to turn round, which allowed the mare to get a-head again. From the 7th to the 9th mile the race was very smartly contested, and bets ran in favour of the mare; but the last mile her wind failed, and the race was won with ease by the gelding. The distance was performed in 44 minutes.

Duel.—A meeting took place on Tuesday morning, April 21, in Hyde Park, between Mr. C. and Mr. R. both of Norfolk. The dispute originated in some unpleasant remarks made by the former gentleman on the conduct of a young Lady in Suffolk, to whom the latter paid his addresses. After exchanging two shots on each side, by one of which Mr. C. was slightly wounded, this gentleman apologised, and the matter was satisfactorily settled. The bullet of Mr. C.'s second pistol passed through Mr. R.'s hat.

Abraham Wood, the well-known Lancashire Pedestrian, lately ran 40 miles over the Round Course at Newmarket, in 4 hours and 47 minutes and a half, for a considerable sum. He was allowed 5 hours, and it was thought he could have gone the distance in 4 hours and 40 minutes, as he won with the greatest ease. Before starting, 2 to 1 on Wood; he ran the first 8 miles in 48 minutes, and the first 20 miles in 2 hours and 7 minutes. He is a remarkably fine, tall, well-made man. He ran without shoes or stockings, and had only a pair of flannel drawers, and a jacket upon him, and at no time appeared fatigued or overcome by this most extraordinary exertion.—When he had completed half the distance, he jumped into a post-chaise and took the refreshment of a glass of wine and a crust of bread or biscuit. There were numerous riders who found it difficult to keep their horses up with him—he is supposed to have sprung nearly two yards at every step; the wind was so high as to occasion him considerable inconvenience His arms kept nearly equal motion with his legs. The spot chosen was the four mile course, which he ran round ten times.

Pugilism.—On Monday the 23d of March, a long expected pitched battle was fought at Coningsby, between Mr. John Swan, of Coningsby Inn, and Mr. John Randsley, farmer, of the Haven Bank. Both the combatants are extremely powerful men, and the style of the contest did not disappoint those who had impatiently awaited a display of extraordinary muscular force exerted with more than common skill. After several rounds of fighting, which reduced both parties to such a condition that they could hardly be recognized by their friends, victory was declared on the side of Mr. Swan.—The seconds were, for the conqueror, Mr. William Dalton; for Mr. Randsley, Mr. William Bell. It was expected another battle would have succeeded the above; but the condition of the combatants at the close was not that which excited the envy of those who had whole skins, and no challenges were given. But that a correspondent has taken the trouble to furnish us with an account of this fight, we should not notice a circumstance which is certainly not creditable to two persons above the lowest station in life. The bare publication of it amounts to reproof. The conflict, we are informed, arose from a dispute about the transfer of some landed property.

The pugilistic exhibition between *Jem Belcher* (who once enjoyed the enviable title of Champion of England) and *Crib*, took place on Wednesday April 8, at Moulsey Hurst, opposite Hampton, for a stake of 200 guineas. Both the pugilists are celebrated in the sporting world. It has been a matter of surprize to many that Capt. B. should have ventured to have backed Crib against so celebrated a professor as Belcher, who, although he has in some degree degenerated in strength, besides having lost an eye, ranked first in the science of prize-fighting. When Belcher's prowess was at its zenith, it would have been farcical to have matched Crib against him; but the mightiest may be overcome; and such was the case with Belcher, whose fame was ob-

scured by the result of his memorable battle with the Game Chicken.

Crib, who is, by way of distinction, elegantly termed the Black Diamond, has but humble pretensions to the character of a skilful boxer; but he possesses those qualities, with reference to his method of fighting, which entitle him to a place about third on the list of the bruisers of the present day. He has successfully opposed Blake, Maddox, and several others of second rate, but he was obliged to yield the palm of victory to Nichols, a Bristol lad, two years since, whom Belcher once beat. Crib is nevertheless considered by the cognoscenti a safe man to back, for he is, technically speaking, the complete glutton, and never yields until nature obliges him. The mode of fighting he has uniformly adopted has been that of falling back, in order that his adversary might follow him, and it is by perseverance in this retreating system, that Crib fights at home, for those who exhaust themselves by pursuing him, generally get punished. He is a slow hitter; but, to perfect him in the science of boxing, Capt. B. and Bill Ward have frequently sparred with him since he has been in training, and he has evidently profited by their instructions. At eleven o'clock, on Wednesday, Hampton was filled with the amateurs; and at twelve o'clock the candidates for their diversion entered a 20 feet roped ring, encircled by one of very large dimensions. Each of them appeared full of confidence, and Belcher betted Crib 25 to 20, before they set to. Average betting was about 6 to 4 in the ring, but the cognoscenti were cautious of taking the odds.

After 42 well-contested rounds, Belcher, who evidently fought to disadvantage from the loss of his eye, gave up the day. The astonishment which was excited by the performance of Crib at this exhibition, was incredible. In his former contest, as we have observed in the preface, he was a novice in the science of boxing, when compared with Belcher; and his only perfection was that of taking more beating than an ordinary bruiser could administer to him. In this instance he appeared, in stopping and measuring his distance, equal to the skill that opposed him; and, with these advantages, the final issue might have been anticipated. He still is deficient in quickness: for it was not until Belcher had lamed his hand, and received a blow under the perfect eye, that Crib had a shadow of chance. Crib, it appears, has thus been improved by the lessons he has received from Bill Ward and the amateur who backed him, since he has been in training, and in this instance he never flinched from his man. With respect to Belcher, all that vigour and skill which was predominent in him, in his day, still remains with him; but, like his battles with the Chicken, he was unable to judge his distance, which may be accounted for by the loss of an eye. He had all the advantages over his opponent that could have been expected; and when his sight became impaired, by the hit under the eye, he threw many blows away, and with the accident of a lame hand, which he was unable to strike with, he excited universal commiseration with those who had before been intoxicated with admiration. Crib received the most severe beating about the body, and both their heads were much disfigured.

It was given out that a contest was to take place between Young Belcher and Ryan; but the latter had been roughly handled in the street on the preceding night, which prevented his attendance. Young Belcher consequently challenged Dutch Sam on the ground; but he refused to contend, not having been trained. A purse was made for Jemmy from Town, and Cropley to fight for, which was won very easily won by the latter.

Jones and Hall were seconds on this occasion.

Cropley is a scientific man, and his opponent altogether to the contrary. He has not the slightest pretensions to become a hero of the fist.

There was never so many people assembled together to witness an exhibition of this kind as in the present instance. Amongst the number were the Duke of C. the Duke of Argyle, Lord A. Hamilton, Lord Sefton, Lord Brooke, Lord Pollington, Captain Barclay, Mr. Mellish, Mr. Berkeley Craven, Capt. Wolstenholme, Mr. T. Sheridan, &c.

The long talked of match between the Game Chicken and Gulley is made, and they will fight for 1000 guineas in October. Dutch Sam and Young Belcher are matched to fight for 100 guineas; and Ryan and Cropley are to fight on the same day, as well as Little Pun and Dixon.